



# **Reincarnated into a Werewolf**

— Jinrou e no Tensei, Maou no Fukukan —

**- Volume 2 -  
(Chapter 43-68)**

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02

漂月  
西E田

# 人狼の転生 魔王の副官

↑勇者の脅威↓





# 登場人物 Character

## ヴァイト

異世界で人狼に転生した  
元日本人。魔王軍第一師  
団の副師団長を務める。

## アイリア・リュッテ・ アインドルフ

交易都市リューンハイトを治め  
る女太守。男装の美女。





## ゴモヴィロア

魔王軍第三師団の師団長。  
死霊術を得意とする魔術師  
で、ヴァイトの師匠。



## フリーデンリヒター

魔王軍のトップに君臨する魔  
王。ヴァイトと同じく、元日本人  
の転生者。



## メレーネ

魔王軍第三師団に所属す  
る妖艶な吸血鬼。ヴァイトの  
姉弟子。



## フィルニール

魔王軍第三師団に所属する  
人馬族の少女。ヴァイトの妹  
弟子。

# Chapter 43

## The Price of a Strategy

And then again, for quite a while, I worked on the re-modelling of Rune Height.

With plenty of sandbags made with the effort of the Inujin over the past several days, the construction site was soon surrounded. It was to ensure the protection of the workers for even the short-term in case of a sudden enemy attack. The act of preserving even a few dozen precious seconds could earn us enough time for the werewolves to save the workers from most dangers.

Also, I haven't told anyone else about this, but when the enemy successfully occupies the enclosed position that is surrounded by sandbags, I plan to throw a gun barrel inside. I figured that it would probably work very well.

The problem was that Technical Officer Kurtz dared not touch the explosive at all.

"Vaito-dono must never approach the 'breath of the dragon!'"

Why the use of such a stern tone?

It was secret to everyone, but I was already used to handling gunpowder.

In my past life, I tried putting firecrackers in empty cans, tried burning weeds with fireworks, and so on.

At any rate, it can also be used to make guns.

I decided to watch the progress of the construction for the moment. All the while refining the idea of attaching a bomb to the arrows of a large crossbow.

There were many things to do, but the the thing of most concern, was to be brave.

If you were as strong as the devil, then quite honestly, I do not have the confidence in winning. The perspectives are too different.



At least it was certain that we could not win even if all the wolves were to successfully land a hit.

In any case, what was troubling was that we did not know what kind of person the hero was and how we were to act accordingly.

Unlike in the military, an individual's behavior was hard to predict. Even if they were to suddenly appear tomorrow in front of the castle gate of Rune Height, it would not be thought of as strange.

At any rate, since this place is called the "Demon Capital, Rune Height," it is more than reason enough for the hero to initiate an attack.

At that time, I planned to conduct an ambush with one thousand skeleton soldiers. At any rate, it would be hard to catch the hero with a single rider. We also considered the possibility of challenging the hero to a fight with all the wolves when the time came. Everyone was prepared for such when we left the hidden village. However, they did not want to fight...

"Lord Vaito, we're back!"

It was a few days later when the Inujin veteran soldiers came back to Rune Height.

"Oh, you seem to be looking better than usual, how did the recruitment go?"

"Yes, five..."

Surely they did not recruit such a small number of people? I hazarded to guess that maybe they recruited fifty?

"500 people gathered!"

"That's too many!"

Could we really feed so many people? It was a small town with a population of about 3,000 people. The other 500 horse troops had only just started their garrison the other day.

"But, they are gathering in front of the castle gate..."

“Have you brought them here already?”

“If the Devil King Army was impossible to join, we figured it would be OK even if we were to move to Rune Height!”

They were a brazen lot.

I hurriedly consulted with the officer class of Inujin troops and utilized one hundred people out of the five hundred and took them in as recruits. I rearranged the troops, reorganizing them into 200 combat engineers and one hundred crossbow troops.

Because the selection was left to the Inujin troops, there was little chance that they would pick out inferior recruits. They had a great sense of smell that allowed them to pick out good comrades.

The remaining four hundred people would be deployed as workers for the extension of the wall, at least for the moment. When a new castle wall is completed, we could then go about making a new town in which to reside.

Anyway, when we get to that point, we are going to need hands.

And so, in this way, the population of Rune Height exceeded four thousand people. Airia would be swamped with managing all this for a while.

“Demonic immigration is also greatly welcome! But please, in moderation.”

“They will be made to pay taxes properly. They won’t be a burden on the economy, so please take good care of them.”

Outside Rune Height, surrounded by the sounds of enthusiastic shouts and ongoing construction echoing, the information I was looking for finally arrived.

“The line of the Hero was sojourning in Shubelm, in the northern part”

One of trade traders at Rune Height, Mao reported so. It was a person that looked nice.

“In a group?, there are a number of Heroes?”

“No, the Hero is one. The name is Ranhelt. It would seem that there are three companions to assist him.



They are considerably skilled ”

It is troubling. Humans suddenly are strengthened when they form cabals.

However, speaking of Shubelm, it should have been destroyed by the invasion of the Devil's army. It was now being recaptured by the Miladia Alliance Army but, could it become a base?

“I saw refugees returning and rebuilding the streets. The group of the Hero destroyed the remnants of the surrounding Devil's Army and seemed to have recovered security.”

This bastard, I was going to treat the second division as a remnant party. It was reality.

Mao noticed my gaze and smiles grinning.

“Please excuse me. Now the emergency repair of the destroyed castle walls and the castle gate is over, and five thousand Shubelm stationed troops are returning soon.”

This was unpleasant.

Shubelm was next to Bachen, the last city where the second division would stand. If five thousand troops come back to Shubelm, there would be no chance of victory.

“Do you know the movements of the Miladia Alliance forces?”

“Because it was out of the scope of the request...”

Mao apologized and continued like this.

“I have investigated a little. The main force of the Miladia Alliance Army in the northern part, is that five thousand forces stationed in Shubelm and one thousand citizen militia”

“O, this is good news”

” The Citizen militia seemed to be retreated back to their respective cities because the battle conditions had settled, and if there is a massive offensive there will of course be recalls”

OK, let's quickly stick someone on Schubelm.

“There are several people who are troops staying at Schubelm for business negotiations. We can tell the situation in the city any time we rendezvous in the city.”

“...Is it not too much?”

Mao laughed.

“We believe with sincere cooperation, there should be a sincere return.”

“If you truly are sincere in your cooperation”

Like demons, there are many kinds of human beings. Apparently, this guy seemed to be a good type.

However, it was appreciated that useful information was gathered.

Since expressing oneself without words or gestures was tiring, we got straight to the point.

“What is the honest expectation in terms of reward you want? It is not likely to be simply money, right?”

Mao looked happy.

“As you guessed. We want several of the Centaurs, they would be welcome for our transport team”

“The reason being?”

“Their good legs and valiance, and for the bargaining power with the demons they are valuable to trade for merchants. There is no need for them to belong to the Devil’s Army.”

Certainly the Centaurs, had human intelligence and the mobility of a horse. Even if it is not a trained warrior, if you are a wolf you could not rout them. And if they are present, one can safely pass through the areas dominated by demons.

A few people, even if it is not soldiers, whatever it is going to be.

But I decided to exercise caution towards such beautiful speech.



“Is it really, only because of that?”

“Of course, of course. Both the Devils’ army and traders, seek outstanding talent,”

I did not feel like giving out personal connections and privileges to this cunning guy...

I felt that there is something behind this.

Ahh! then I understood.

“Do you intend to publicize your network with the Devil army by hiring the Centaurs, and using it for business?”

Mao seemed to be jerky, with an awkward smile.

“Oops, did I say something?...”

“You are a rogue,”

“Why yes, a rogue, you say”

This guy!

“No. We cannot cooperate if the goal is to become a hotbed of stinking corruption”

Mao seemed to be very badly disappointed. It was nothing to do with carelessness.

After a while, I would tell him.

“It because I made a little more contribution to the Devil army.”

“A little more?”

“Oh, a bit more.”

Get a load of this!

Mao sighed and lowered my head to me.

“Let’s do it a little more, Let’s be useful. Next time in the future we will deliver

information free of charge as Vaito's personal spies."

This guy had a lot of hidden elements for negotiations. There

There was still something.

When appealing on line of sight, Mao has also opened up negotiations withdrawals.

"And, I make it so that we can secretly procure the building materials for the walls. Because as soon as a lot of building materials move, they will expose themselves to the enemy."

"What do you have in mind specifically?"

To my question, Mao spread out a map and indicated towards it with his fingers.

"I will procure high-quality stone from the southern city with the pretext of being a merchant coming from the north and using it for the rebuilding of the northern city"

"Hey hey, is there a merchant who comes to buy a heavy stone from the north?"

Then Mao smiled.

"In the northern area now a lot of stone is actually needed for reconstruction, so even if you come to buy from a distance you will not be detected."

Was he trying to use his fellow human's predicaments?

"You are a rogue,"

"And, what if I am?"

Mao smiled.

In the previous life, I saw endless bastards like him but, it was a type uncommon for a demon. Most of the time they would be destroyed.

But it was also a fact that it seemed to be useful.

"I will be fine. I will ask you again next time. But as I go along, the snake may be forced



to raise its head.”

“I will keep this proposal in mind.”

Mao bowed, cautiously.

After he left, I faced the door next door and raised my voice.

“Monza”

“Yees, the captain”

One of the most intelligence agents of the werewolves, Monza opened the door without a sound and revealed its appearance.

“Keep an eye on him with your corps”

She looked happy and laughed thinly.

“If he betrays us, shall we kill him?”

“You can kick the shit out of him, but please bring him back alive”

“Okay, understood.”

How will it all end?

# Chapter 44

## The Northern Front

The emergence of a Hero was quite dangerous, even for the Demon Army.

In the past, the Demon King had appeared many times, but the Hero always appeared right after. They were the natural enemies of the Demon King.

The reason could be found in the habit of the Demon group.

Demonkin, who obeyed only the strongest person, would completely fall into a state of chaos whenever the Demon King was defeated.

It would have been great if, after the fall of the Demon King, the next strongest person were to take command... However, more often than not, that person would be in a state of chaos as well, so it left us in a quandary.

The Hero who had punished the Demons in the past had cut into the enemy team deeply. They beat down the Demon King by direct confrontation. Unfortunately, their method had targeted the weakest point for us demons.

However, the people that worked behind the scenes had already been prepared to raise a successor in multiple ways.

But the real issue was whether the Demonkin were willing to accept them or not... It was probably impossible. And this was not something theoretical.

There is no replacement for the Demon King.

Even if there were someone powerful enough to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Demon King, he must also be prepared to accumulate his own strength from the beginning.

“Making a difficult face again...”

‘Wha?!’

A bittersweet voice muttered close to my ear, I turned my head abruptly.

“Yahoo~, Movi-chan is here.”

Master waved her hand unnaturally, it was almost childlike.

“Master, did you not give up that damn nickname yet?”

“Parents who give nicknames like ‘Gomovila’ to their beloved daughters are not bad, you know?”

I always held a grudge.

I knew the character of my master very well, but Master was unexpectedly depressed by such a joke. I tried to ignore it so as to forcibly make my surroundings more peaceful.

“Is Master interested in the Hero, too?”

“...Well...”

It was a curt reply, but Master’s anguish had been transmitted clearly.

The Demon King Freden Richter, the Kyojin Tiberito, the Great Sage Gomovila. They were comrades from the time when the demon army was being raised.

On the Northern front, there was the Officer Tiberito, and the Hero who aimed at the Demon King. I worried about both.

While I looked at the young profile of my master, I remembered the deal with businessman Mao.

The Hero was in the Northern part of Schubelm.

It seemed that Mao’s subordinates were infiltrating it, so it may be good to ask Master to go and have a look at it.

There may be some information that can cheer up Master.

“Master, if you do not mind, we would like you to move towards the North.”



“To the North?”

I explained the circumstances to Master.

Master seemed to think for a bit, and muttered.

“Well... I see... It is a human spy. It's not a trap, right?”

“I do not know.”

If the enemy sets up an ambush, we will run away at full power. We wolves are sturdier than an infantry and faster than a cavalry. We will be able to manage somehow.

“However, this information is from a trader. But he has no reason to betray me, there is no benefit in doing so.”

“Whether it's because of the reward money from Miraldia or because of religious reasons, would you consider that area to be really safe?”

“To go that far...”

“There's a low possibility that Miraldia put up a bounty on me.” As I am one of the aides to our Lord.

Also, as long as I let Monza investigate, Mao continue to be a Moonlight believer, the type who was not too enthusiastic in anything. As such, there is no religious reason to dislike the Demonkin.

There was a possibility that it's someone who has a grudge against Demonkin, and so for whatever reason, it can be anyone. So I decided not to worry too much about it.

“You, are you aware that you are one of the key figures of the Demon Army?”

“Not really...”

Although there is heavy responsibility in governing Rune Height, even if I were to die, Arilia and Officer Kurtz will somehow manage.

“Good grief... Well, it's okay then, as long as you follow me, it will be easy to run away.”

Master sighed and jumped off effortlessly from the chair.

“Schubelm is an enemy’s ground, so the advance team will make camp at Bachen. It’s the area controlled by the Demon army. They are still preparing, so just wait a bit.”

While waiting for Master to finish the necessary ceremony for the transfer, I went ahead and finished the office work for today. The details were entrusted to Arilia.

And then, with master’s magic, we leaped to the Northern agricultural city, Bachen.

“Uwaa...”

This was the first word that came out of my mouth in reaction to the fact that Bachen was looking like a disaster. There were two reasons why.

First was the cityscape.

Buchen’s infrastructure had completely stopped functioning because of the destruction from the invasion of the Second Division.

There were only agricultural establishments that were intact while the waterways were also being controlled carefully. Unfortunately, everywhere else was decimated. In the refreshments area, red/black mud was slowly accumulating while the fountain which originally imitated a lion, was knocked down.

Second, there was the Second Division of the Demon King’s army.

The troops that could still fight were camping outside the city, with the exception of the injured soldiers in the city that were moaning incessantly.

An ogre soldier the size of a human being was groaning with his arm wrapped in a blanket. However, his other arm that should be there, wasn’t anymore. As I was thinking, a Giantkin of about five meters got on the wall of a private house. His shoulders moved motionlessly while breathing without standing still. It seemed that both of his eyes had been pierced with a spear, and a bruise as a scar remained.

“Just barely escaped... I think...”

Master was pretending to be calm, but I could tell that she seemed to be very shocked.

Hundreds of soldiers were collapsed everywhere, even right on the road that led to the castle gate. Some were also no longer breathing.

It seemed that there was a private house somewhere that was commandeered into a temporary hospital. I heard a tremendous amount of screams. He was probably getting his hands or feet or amputated.

Master looked at me and said, "Even though the Main Army was able to return in exchange for a lot of hardships, it is sad to leave them to die like this. I will treat the wounded soldiers."

"That is nice, but what about the Hero?"

"I'll leave that to you. If something happens, get back here."

It seemed that the injured soldiers were on tenterhooks, and Master just left after that and immediately began treating the soldiers at hand with magic.

"Let me be blunt. I will not hold it, so just treat the wound immediately."

If the bothersome Master continued on like this, there will be no way to stop it later.

"Well, Master, I will go by myself. I will return as quickly as possible."

"Umm, be careful, I'll meet you afterwards."

Master was already on to treating the third soldier. The two giant soldier's eyes were crumbling while stroking the healed wound over and over again.

Well, it can't be helped... I didn't want an ally to die in front of my eyes.

"Take care of yourself, Master. Please don't collapse again after using too much of your magical power."

"It's okay, that guy Tiberito is here. I'll give my regards afterwards."

As I transformed, I ran through the castle gate of Buchen. Outside the castle gate, I glanced at the wide fields of wheat beside me while running to Schubelm.

Buchen was a city which was supposed to supply food to the garrisoned army of



Schubelm, so the distance was quite close. With the leg power of a werewolf, who were faster than horses, I should arrive there by nightfall.

# Chapter 45

## The Hero Ranhalt

The castle wall of Schubelm was right in front of me. It had been quite a while since sunset passed.

The devastation of Buchen was very bad, but Schubelm was also in a terrible state. Because the castle walls were collapsing here and there, there were lots of cracks that were gaping out of the castle.

I saw that at this rate, there was no way that the Miraldia Alliance Army could be allowed to carelessly go out and attack in this state.

It was supposed to be infiltrated by the subordinates of Mao the trader of Rune Height. I also knew how to make contact with them, so I could get briefed on the various circumstance and happenings that occurred here. But honestly speaking, I do not trust Mao. And after all, since the castle wall has already collapsed, I can scout around with my own eyes after I change back into my human form.

Alright. With my eyes, I will observe and listen in on detailed conversations. In the worst case scenario, even if I have been betrayed by Mao, I can still get my hands on the info. I will immediately know if what I receive is fake. When I returned to my human form, I changed into casual clothes prepared from before. Then, I infiltrated the village from the gap of the collapsed castle wall.

Unlike Buchen, Schubelm was recovering steadily. Although the repair of the wall was still in the middle of progress, temporary huts and tents were lined up in the city. Currently, there were soldiers going back and forth. I saw a lot of places without a roofs, maybe it had been taken away as construction material. Then that meant that after the construction was done, they will start and make a full-scale reparation.

If I were the commander of an Allied Army, I would have considered recapturing Buchen before reconstructing Schubelm. I would have put the main force at Buchen so that I could slowly reconstruct Schubelm from behind. However, there were a lot of citizens participating as soldiers in the Allied Army. For Schubelm citizens, the reconstruction of their city should naturally come first. From my thorough

impressions and observations of the surroundings, it seemed that things were not being improved with the military in mind. Not only in the case of the Demon Army, it seemed that even the Allied Army had a lot of internal circumstances.

However, what was outside of my expectation was the high proportion of soldiers inside of Schublem. There were few normal citizens here, so I, who was garbed in casual clothing could not help but stand out conspicuously.

Moreover, the relaxing clothes of the southern style were quite different from the airtight clothes that was the norm in the North. I had chosen clothes that were as easy to move in as possible. But due to coloring and design, I remained flirtatious with danger...

It seemed better to go away early.

I did not really go to the center of the city much, but eventually made my way out of the castle wall from the same place as a while ago. Ah! Looks like I do not qualify as spy material. I took a brief breath as I thought of contacting Mao's subordinates.

In the next instant, I transformed and kicked at the ground.

I heard a windy noise almost at the same time.

I kicked the collapsed wall and flew away. Something went through the sleeve of my clothes.

"Werewolf, huh?" The one who ended up attacking me suddenly was a three-armed soldier. At a distance from this place, there was also a person who seemed to be a magician. My sense of smell and hearing didn't notice his presence at all. They skillfully sneak attacked me. I can only think that they hid their existence with some kind of magic.

I backed away from the soldiers and observed them in a hurry. These three people also had amazing magic power. They were probably not ordinary human beings. The magician behind them was not much, but the flow of magic power was well trained. Before long, one of the warriors responded to my question.

"My name is Hero Renhalt. With our holy defense, we immediately knew about you infiltrating Schubelm."



Apparently, it was thanks to the magic that gave a warning whenever a trespasser invaded that tipped them off. It looked like I triggered it somewhere during my surveillance. Our magicians also had a small clapper that had a similar function like that, but I didn't notice it at all. It seems it was disguised very skillfully. The man named Renhalt aimed his sword at me.

"You will perish, impure being."

"Impure? Hah..."

The moment I murmured the words, the hero party slashed at me simultaneously from all three sides. This was bad.

I prepared all my strengthening status magic and invoked them. My body got lighter and the movements of the enemy looked slightly slower to me. My natural healing ability improved and was ready in preparation for any injury that might occur. My fur also became sturdier with the aid of the magical energy."Tch!" My head, the tip of my shoulder, and my legs. This party showed some good cooperation, I could only dodge with a paper thin difference between the blades and my skin.

It looked as though if it were just the hero, I wouldn't have much of a problem in taking him out. Unfortunately, with the aid of his other three companions, I concluded that I didn't have much of a chance to win. Although I wanted to run away, there was no room for escape. The three people collaborated skillfully and they maneuvered themselves to ensure that I would be able to escape from this place. Even with full boosted magic, my hands were full just staying on the defensive.

Furthermore, the bad thing was, the magician behind them started chanting something. I did not know what kind of magic it was going to be, but even then, even if it were to be something inferior, something had to be done or I would surely end up dead. I stopped my feet for a moment and released the roar of the Demon, "Soul Shaker."

The effect was dramatic. The surrounding magical power adjusted to the wavelength to the Demonkin and started to flow towards me. The spell that the magician was trying to cast ended in failure. After that, I only needed to endure the attacks from the hero's party. I also applied the magic of fast recovery. Thanks to that, it would be weird if I were to die in this state.

When I looked at the surroundings, suddenly, the three people from the hero party were stiffening. Their expressions were evenly distorted by fear and anguish. It was an incredible sight. The hero could not move due to the fear effect of my “Soul Shaker.” The hero thought, ‘Impossible. The opponent was a superhuman comparable to the Demon King?!’

Regardless of their shock, my hand reflexively pulled off an attack. The claws of a werewolf started to make black storms and blew violently. A man’s neck was bent at an eerie angle, half of that man’s face had been blown off. Another man who had his neck cut off by more than half of a windpipe fell slowly. The end of the fight came too quickly. The hero’s party had been defeated by one werewolf. This is a lie, right?!

“Such foolishness...”

I whispered to myself. Suddenly, I remembered this uncomfortable feeling.

When I looked closely, the way the magic power flowed was different. The Demon King has the magical power that springs infinitely from the inside of his body, but their magical power seems to be emitted from swords and armor. Moreover, even after they died, their magical powers did not fade.

“So it’s something like that.”

As I murmured, I picked up a fallen sword. I felt a strong magical power from it. Perhaps this weapon was made by ancient magicians.

“That was a fake hero, right?”

I laughed at the magician that was trembling with stiffness. I did not think that the smile of a werewolf could be understood, but whatever.

“Hii...” It was the voice of a young woman that leaked from under the hood.

At the same time, she staggered. Her face, alongside her long hair, was exposed. She was a close friend of the hero and although she had a plain personality, she was quite a beautiful woman.

A dull and yellow stain was spreading across her trembling, pure white robe. She seemed to have become incontinent with fear. When I took a step towards her, she fell to her feet and cried like a kid.

“No, no don’t... Please do not kill me...”

There is nothing as helpless as a magician who cannot use magic. Especially human beings. There was no way out for her, especially when confronting the wolf who had just killed three people in just a moment.

“Please, I, I will do anything you want...”

She was surrendering, just like that.

Negligence is a taboo when your opponent is a magician, but right now, she was not capable of using any magic.

Besides, at this distance, no matter what she did, my attack would arrive first.

I judged that I was in a safe position and decided to give her her choices.

“If you don’t want an honorable war death, there is only a life that will be imbued with insults and stains. Would that be alright with you?”

“No, no, it’s okay! I will do whatever you want, just please, do not kill me!”

Even I was unable to take the life of a sniveling and trembling girl. She was more useful alive than dead anyway. Now then, first thing on the agenda was an interrogation.

“Who are your employers?”

All the weapons and armor that was worn by them were of high-quality and considered exquisite items. Magical swords and armor cannot easily be made. Especially in terms of technology and finance. Even then, if used, the nicks and scratches on the blade would increase rapidly. It is not something that individuals could use very much.”There have to be some bastards who paid for all this equipment and raised you “Heroes,” right? Tell me who they are.”

Hearing this, the woman magician trembled and finally answered.

“The Se... Sena, tor... Desu.”

“I see.”



I see, it all clicked into place.

If you were a senator of the Miraldia government, then it's possible to obtain such equipment.

And there are more than enough reasons as to the need to make heroes like this.

"Propaganda, huh?"

"Propa... Gan?"

When I said it again, the woman nodded a lot with frightened eyes.

Looks like it was only me who could close this act on this farce...

If Master Tiberito blew away the captain in one shot, the morale of the Second Division would improved.

# Chapter 46

## The Return Of The Hero

“Are you finished with the interrogation?”

Unexpectedly, there was a voice that came from behind me. I turned around.

“That was fast, Master.”

A chibi sage with a pointy hat was deftly floating in the dark night.

“I’m very tired because of all the treatment I did today... Oh my, ain’t that thing handy?”

Master said as he touched the rolling sword.

Just like a dry cloth sucking up water, magic power instantly vanished from the magic sword. It was Master who had absorbed all of it.

“What are you doing, Master?!”

“I’m supplying myself with the magic power. And it was also to know what effect it had, Vaito.”

“Absorb it now, Master. Maybe its the Dragon Slayer Magic Sword, Lionnich.”

It was known to be a bizarre sword that held the power to kill Dragons and Dragonewts. Usually, in order to equip it, you needed at the the minimum, the power equivalent to being able to hold two big shields.

“I know. It’s okay, I was just trying it out for a bit. It’s dangerous after all. Oh, this shield is good too.”

“That shield has a kingdom’s crest on it. Obviously, it was stolen a long time ago... Isn’t it at least around 150 years old?”

“What? So, it seems it is not from our time period.”

After the shield was the armor. Oh, this is... Perhaps that person really was the successor of a Hero.

“Stop! That’s too wasteful! It’s okay to leave the armor alone!”

“I know, I know. I’ll prepare it for Demonkin next time. For now, I’ll use it to recover my magic power. The treatment at Buchen is still in progress, after all.”

“Liar! You absolutely won’t do it, will you?!”

If the mana that I held was equal to 1 Vaito, then, the sum of the sword, armor, and the shield was equal to 27 Vaitos.

I would be very happy if this were to be given to the Second Division...

Master practically exuded satisfaction after absorbing all of the magic power from the equipment.

I kept count of how much magic power was absorbed, and if I wasn’t wrong, then Master took what was equal to around 128 Vaitos. This Lolibaba! Her magic power capacity is nearly bottomless.

“Not bad. So, who is this apprentice witch?”

“It seems that she’s the hero’s companion.”

After listening to my explanation, Master nodded in understanding.

“I see, so this Haribote is pretending to be a Hero. This girl, I don’t want to know her sizes, so I’ll proceed to destroying her body.”

All of that person’s companions were already destroyed you know, Master.

The girl magician’s face became pale as Master, with seeming indifference, lightly marked and bound her.

“I’ll bring back this fellow’s corpse, It will become a nice feast. Now then, wake up. I’ll begin and give you a temporary life.”

Master waved her fingers a little bit, and soon the three corpses began to rise up. All

of them having become zombies.

With a small hand that gently stroked the zombie who was dripping fresh blood, Master kindly said.

“You better go to your compatriot’s place. And then bury them courteously.”

Master waved her hand as she made an innocent smile.

This is why Necromancers are misunderstood so much...

The newly created zombies walked unsteadily all the while spilling blood from their orifices. They embarked on their mission of going to find their former comrades with dedication.

The girl magician raised her face and seemed as though she couldn’t help but be attracted to the sight. It made her start trembling and clattering.

Seeing the state of the girl, Master’s smile morphed into a sneer.

“What? Are you telling me you can’t walk by yourself? Hey, you guys! Take your comrade along with you.”

The zombies turned their backs slowly, then their hollow-eyed gaze settled on the girl magician.

“Hii...”

While walking from side to side, they caught the girl magician by her waist and lifted her up.

“Heee?! Nnnnoooo!”

“That’s surprisingly turned out good. Oh well, enough fun. Just go.”

As soon as Master waved her hand, the zombies readily carried the girl magician and disappeared into the crack between the wall.

“...Master is so messed up...”



“Is something wrong?”

“No... It’s fine. I’ll go and scout around for a bit.”

It can’t be helped that since a long time ago, Master had already lost her human heart.

It really can’t be helped. I’ll sneakily return to Schubelm town. If something comes up, then Master will come to help me anyway, so it will be easy.

And as I thought, the town was in an uproar.

“Hero-dono?! How did you get so wounded?!”

“It’s, it’s dead! That’s a zombie!”

“That zombie is Ranhart-dono!”

“Sword Saint-dono and Holy Knight as well!”

They have pretty good titles. Even though its unfortunate, it was in self defense, after all. So, it couldn’t be helped.

“Wait! Saint-dono is still alive!”

So that girl is thought of as a saint.

Please, just leave me alone.

The zombies walked to the center of Schubelm plaza, then they became crushed there.

After fulfilling the order of Necromancer Gomovira, they turned back into dead bodies.

There were a lot of soldiers in the surroundings, but they were overwhelmed by the situation and couldn’t do anything.

Of course, that was to be expected.

After all, their beloved Hero-sama and his party, who represented the hope of the people of the Northern front, had turned into zombies right in front of their eyes.

When the officers from the Alliance Troops become dumbfounded, a civil official that looked like a noble ran away in a panic.

Actually, although it's the first time I have seen that person, no matter how you looked at him, he can't be anything else but a Senate secretary.

The middle-aged Secretary looked at Saint-sama, then cross-examined her with high-handed tone of voice.

"What happened?! Explain yourself, Saint Mildin!"

And then, the magician girl who fell on the stone pavement, gave a reply while shouting back at him.

"It was a werewolf, desu! The one who killed all of them was just one werewolf! Furthermore, they had been turned into zombies..."

"Werewolf you say?! Impossible! There's no way and enemy of that degree can beat Hero-dono!"

If it were an average werewolf, then it certainly couldn't have made a comeback after a surprise attack from three people. *(TN: For those who don't remember, the number of people who actually gave him a surprise attack is only three. The magician came after that. )*

I would have been dead meat if I hadn't used "Soul Shaker."

However, the girl that they called Mildin was shaking her head in objection.

"When that werewolf howled, it completely blocked my magic and the sword, desu! It was impossible to win!"

As they kept arguing back and forth, the soldiers began to leak out a troubling conversation.

"To think that one werewolf could take on four people and even defeat the Hero... Could it be true...?"

"No, I heard that there's a terribly strong werewolf general in the Demon King Troop."

“There’s no way such an important person came to this place so nonchalantly.”

I heard that.

I heard that, you know.

Because of the troubling noise from the soldiers, the Secretary became flustered.

“Wait! The Saint-sama just got a bit distracted, thats all! Now, come over here, please!”

The Secretary pulled Mildin’s hand, then gave a command to the one of the soldiers. The civilian soldier who had been wearing casual clothes arrived and placed his helmet on his chest.

“Wait a minute, is that really the hero Ranhart-sama?!”

“That’s right! There’s no way the Hero could die like this!”

“No way, were we being tricked?!”

The Reserve Army, who were hired by the Senate, were a group of retired swordsmen and Nomad soldiers. They are professionals, so they will fight no matter what happens to their companions.

But in the case of civilian soldiers from a garrison, its quite the opposite. They can easily take control of a garrison by themselves, but they were amateurs and it showed in their fighting potential.

Another detriment was that their morale could easily drop If something bad happened.

The number of soldiers that were arriving at plaza kept steadily increasing. Soon, they were falling into a state of utter chaos.

The Senate Secretary tried to stop the frenzy of the soldiers, but soon his face got punched. His nose and mouth were covered in blood. After that, someone was seen grabbing his sleeve, and then from then on, the figure of the secretary disappeared from inside the horde.

No one paid any respect to the fake heroes’ dead bodies, and soon the soldiers had

surrounded the fake saint.

“You, didn’t you spend 26 years in magic school and finally become a master?! Since it was only one werewolf, then wasn’t it possible to defeat it with magic?”

That’s amazing. Isn’t that beyond my master?

Saint Mildin shook her head left and right. She looked at them with a scared expression.

“Im, impossible... There’s no way I can do that.”

“What do you mean?!”

“Because I, I was a senior magician, but not in magic! Just... in, in Genjutsu...”

“Genjutsu?!”

Threatened by the rough soldiers, she blurted out everything.

“Hiii!! It, it was just a job that I took! We had to make the situation more lively and at the same time, help conceal the scandal. It was that kind of job, desu!”

Suddenly, there was nothing but utter silence in the surroundings.

“This terrible woman is a fraud!”

“So you were just a fake saint?! Don’t joke with me!”

“Just think of how many of our comrades died because they obeyed you people!”

“Just kill this person!”

“Kill! Cut her head off!”

Oi, oi, seriously?

It was unusual for them to gather together just to kill an unarmed and non-resistant woman.

After all, they only did it to help them take back their town. Didn't they become fake heroes for their sake? To raise their morale?

While I was thinking of that, my sleeve was pulled from behind.

"Vaito-sama, Vaito-sama."

In this situation, the only one who could call me that was... There's no mistake, it had to be trade dealer Mao's subordinate.

There were two young trade dealers behind me. I stared at them with a shocked gaze.

"For Vaito-sama himself to come here, what are you doing in this place?"

"Well, somehow, when I was looking into the situation here, I got attacked by the so-called Hero and his party."

"Why would you do such a-?"

To tell you the truth, it's because your boss is too stinky for me.

"Anyway, please come here and change your clothes."

I was pulled into the nearby tent and was dressed in a general coat of a Northern Civilian common soldier.

"Please remember to not be so conspicuous. It's dangerous for us."

"Sorry."

As I said, the one at fault was your boss.



# Chapter 47

## Semi-Demon King Grade Vaito

Inside, it seemed the civilian soldiers have started to beat up that fake Saint-sama.

“Nooooo!”

The one who was being dragged away by her hair was the Saint Mildin.

“It’s not my fault! The ones who told us to do these things were the people from the distinguished Senate! I was just doing what I was told to do! Why should I have to die for that?!”

Mildin was clinging onto the stone pavement, with flowing tears and a crumpled face. There was already not a shred of dignity to be found from the so-called Saint.

“You are the Saint-sama, aren’t you?! So just stay the Saint until you die ora!!”

“I’m not a Saint! I am just a lowly government official!”

She was shaking her head in refusal and resisting desperately.

All of the civilian soldiers had been tricked by the fake hero and his party to fight to the point of life and death, so I couldn’t help but empathize with them.

But in the end, both this fake saint and her party were nothing more than tools for the Senate to use.

There’s so much of the Senate that is still unknown to us, but I know that there’s no way for a lowly official to oppose them.

Finally, Mildin was dragged to the stone podium at the plaza, where several people then proceeded to pin her down.

“That damn Senate! They always acted so high and mighty!”

“What they have done cannot be forgiven! Just you wait, your bastards!”

“No, no, nooo!! I don’t want to die! I’m so sorry! Please forgive me!”

“That’s enough, do it!”

“No!!! I don’t want to, I don’t want to, I don’t want to die!!! Please!!!”

Surprisingly, no one tried to stop them in their public lynching. The fake Saint had unwillingly been made to shoulder the burden of all the misplaced hatred the public had against the Senate.

It looked like with this incident, there’s now no more hope of restoring the Senate’s reputation anymore.

However, it doesn’t matter if it was orders from the Senate or not. It’s still the unforgivable truth that that girl willingly deceived the people and made them head towards their own deaths.

Moreover, that girl is our enemy.

But even so, It seems its going to be impossible for me to see the girl get killed.

I was whispering to myself slowly. ‘I am the subordinate of the demon king.’

“Why are you transforming? Please stop!”

“Vaito-sama, what are you doing?!”

“An act of mercy, I guess?”

“That’s ridiculous! Everyone here except us is Vaito-sama’s enemy, you know?!”

I am already quite aware of how greatly ridiculous it is.

But I can’t help the fact that I don’t want to see people die anymore other than on the battlefield.

I transformed and jumped onto the platform.

The nearby soldiers were blown away by my momentum, then I went towards the crowd, throwing them away one by one.

At that moment, the soldiers were in a state of confusion over the appearance of such a big creature appearing in front of them so suddenly.

“Werewolf?!”

“Th... That’s a werewolf!”

“Enemy attack?!!”

Suddenly, everyone was in an uproar.

I randomly kicked at all the soldiers within my reach on the stage, obstinately catching hold of their helmets and “massaging” them lightly.

I skillfully crushed their helmets and made sure they couldn’t see out of them. After that, I just kicked them away.

I quickly disposed of 10 people, and soon occupied the stage.

If I were to compare, then as expected, the ordinary civilian soldiers couldn’t compare with the firepower of the fake hero’s party. This was too easy.

It was a good chance, so I decided to make a show of power as a demonstration.

“My name is Vaito! The commander of the Demon King! I am the one who slaughtered your fake hero and his party! To all of you “brave” men, I have come to tell you that you will soon become the underlings of us Demons!”

At that moment, all of the soldiers froze up.

“Vaito?!”

“It’s the one who destroyed Tuban, the Werewolf Shogun Vaito!”

No, you got it all wrong... Its not like I destroyed the place...

All the soldiers who heard me, the Reserve, the Stalwart, and the frenzied Civilian

soldiers, stopped moving and became froze in fear.

“Legends say he killed 400 people...”

“No, not just 400. There’s no one alive at Tuban anymore...”

“Even the castle wall couldn’t hold against that werewolf... The one ay Tuban couldn’t endure even one attack from that guy...”

Wasn’t the story from before becoming even more strange now?

Rather, if that rumor were true, then the power that I held should be the equivalent to how much the Demon King holds, you know?!

I had planned to beat up all the guys who wanted to defy me, but it’s troubling to see how easily they are cowering from me just from a few exaggerated rumors.

How troublesome. Even though I had been anticipating the coming fight against them.

Like a newbie actor who forgot the lines to the script, I restlessly looked at the surroundings around the stage. Lost.

Ah, there you are, Saint-sama.

If I remember correctly, this girl is an expert at illusionary magic, so she should have a lot useful spells.

Let’s give her a little job to do.

“Oi, if you don’t want to die, then use your magic to make them even more scared. After that, just slip away in the resulting chaos.”

“Why are you helping me...?”

You could never have imagined I would help you, right? Me too.

“I promised that I wouldn’t take your life. If I were to abandon you here, than it’s the same as breaking that promise.”

I gave a suitable excuse, then urged her to hurry.

“Just hurry up! Do you really want to die?”

“Wa, yes!”

The fake Saint Mildin nodded hurriedly, then skillfully chanted out a spell even though she still seemed confused.

When the aria was completed, the surroundings became dim.

What?

“Kuhahahahaha!”

That was my voice. Looks like a lot of special effects were applied to it. My voice resounded from the sky.

The soldiers looked up timidly and saw a big werewolf standing in front of them.

The illusion seemed dreadfully realistic. As expected of someone called an expert.

“I want to satisfy my hunger with all of you! Whoever wants to be the first to die and serve as my appetizer, come fight me now! It doesn’t matter if it’s 400 people or 4000! I will kill all of you!”

The digit has been exaggerated even more...

However, it seems to have worked since all the soldiers in the surroundings have lost their fighting spirit.

Their fake hero has become a zombie. Their beloved Saint was revealed to be just a lowly official, and now there’s a giant werewolf, roaring about wanting to eat them, too.

If this continued on any longer, then there was bound to be many accidents happening. With the end result being everyone going crazy panicking.

My illusion started shouting even more crazy things.

“There are werewolves everywhere! There’s even a werewolf hiding among you! You better watch your back!”



Ah, right. My appearance right now is as a civilian soldier of the Miraldia army.

When my illusion said that, all of the soldier restlessly looked around at their surroundings. Their attention was successfully diverted from the stage.

Nice improvisation. I didn't think she would be so skillful in producing such a nice play. As expected of the fake Saint-sama.

From behind my werewolf illusion, I hurriedly turned back to my human appearance.

And then I lifted Mildin and put her on my shoulder as I bid this place goodbye.

"Ano, who is that?"

After I arrived at the gathering place, the subordinates of trader Mao came and timidly asked me. I simply answered back.

"Just take this girl away."

"O,Okay..."

"You guys should also be careful. Never try and imitate my recklessness."

They looked at each other and replied.

"It feels strange when its you saying it..."

Is that so?

After that, I escaped from the big chaos in Schubelm and took the fake Saint-sama with me as I returned to Rune Height.

I heard that after the events of the plaza spread, the Northern state became strange.

The civilian soldiers in the Northern front started to distrust the Senate, with almost all of the civilian soldiers going back to their homes.

The Senate desperately denied the allegations implied in "The Fake Hero Ranhart Theory," that was spreading like wildfire. It seems the case was ended suspiciously at Miraldia's side.

They said that I was as strong as the Demon King. It seems they were forcibly made to think like that. I heard that they one-sidedly elevated my rank to “Semi Demon King Grade” or something like “Inferior Demon King Class.”

I wondered if a day would come where they finally stop portraying me as if I were stronger than I really was... It’s very embarrassing because I’m not really all that powerful.

The ones that decided to remain at Schubelm were only the soldiers from the Reserve Army, the Garrison Corps from each city, and some Civilian soldiers from Schubelm and Buchen.

Furthermore, they did a background check on every soldier so as to prevent any Demons from slipping in.

Thanks to this burdensome task, I heard that personnel management has faced a sharp increase in the amount of labor they had to do. Unfortunately, it also made it difficult for us to move around as freely as before.

At the Demon King’s Army, because Master had been absorbing mana and diligently healing the 2nd Division, all of the injured soldiers were able to survive and were heading back to the front of the battlefield.

Hands and even eyeballs could be healed with ease, so they could return with more peace of mind.

Naturally, such healing consumes a lot of mana, but as a result, Master is being called the “Holy Mary” or “saint” now.

That made me a bit happy, and I also heard that Master started showing her face every once in a while at the Northern front.

“But Master, that magic armor still has strategic value if we research it! Please don’t handle it so roughly!”

“This human armor is not fit for Demons. The arm guard is too big and the body of the armor as well as the helmet is too different. And above all, I consider this my emergency mana bag in case I need to use ancient magic later on. In conclusion, the way I use it is more useful than what you have proposed!”

“Its very valuable right now! The morale of the Military officers will rise if you give it to them. At least give them the shield!”

Although I agree that Master’s decision is certainly somewhat reasonable... But I don’t think she needs to go so far as to absorb all of it.

Most warriors could only dream of owning such an armor. Even the former me of my previous life, when it came to playing net games, I always tried to get my hands on the most fortified magic armor.

Sadly, since I am a werewolf now, even with the real thing right in front of me, I can’t use most of the equipment...

“So it was something like that. If that’s the case, I’ll make something nice once I have enough mana to spare, then send it to the 2nd division. It will be a rare piece from the Great Sage Gomovira! Hey, hey! Its going to be good, okay? So stop making that scary face.”

“Well, if you say so...”

“How about a necklace that can turn people into zombies once they die? That way, they can continue fighting even after death.”

“The only one who would like something like that would be a Necromancer. Please make something that they can use before they die.”

Master scratched her head in worry.

“There’s nothing I can think of that would allow Necromancers to make something like that. To make something like that is outside of even my expertise. I think all of the soldiers will be happy if we give them a helmet that can give them courage and protection...”

“Hmm, do you think that will be okay?”

When Master made several helmets and sent them to our Division, Master’s reputation in the 2nd Division increased even more.

Even though that would usually be good news, Master isn’t exactly good with interpersonal relationships...

I understand that all magicians distance themselves from society, but it is especially bad in the case of necromancers. The world we see compared to what they see is different, after all.

Master is a problem child but in a different way compared to Captain Tiberito-shi. Powerful Demons can live within their own pace, which make them absolutely stiff.

That's why they need a reliable subordinate to serve as an aide.

With the strength and morale of the army having improved, and with the addition of the powerful equipment given to the 2nd Division, I figure they can now be a good match against the Miraldia Allied Forces.

The power of our army has been dropping sharply compared to the time when the invasion first began. But now, it will be possible to occupy Schubelm once an opportunity presents itself.

With this, the Northern front will be peaceful for a while.

However, trade dealer Mao seemed very unsatisfied.

"Why didn't you contact my subordinates first?"

"That's because you are too shady for my comfort. Be sure to reflect on that."

"I will not deny that I am shady. But I will not betray you just because I think I won't gain a profit from it. You are so rude."

It looks like more than the fact that I was suspecting them, they were rather more offended at the idea of, "they will betray me if there's no profit in it."

"Those who are unable to calculate the gains and losses from their trading partners are the ones at fault. They should be disqualified as trading partners."

"I... I see. I'm sorry for that."

How did it change to me giving an apology?

Furthermore, my subordinates spread various things about me.

“Oi, oi, it seems Captain has been wandering around without permission again.”

“Why is the Supreme Commander of the Southern front suddenly wandering around the Northern front...?”

“Hmm, it seems it was to defeat the fake Hero.”

“I can’t come to terms with the reasoning for doing that.”

Hey! All of you! I can hear you badmouthing me! Don’t bother me in the office. You guys are supposed to be reading these documents, aren’t you?

“So, who is that female prisoner?”

“It was the fake Saint, the comrade of the fake Hero.”

“That guy, as unreasonable as always.”

Just how long are you guys going to speak bad about me? Just go away!

I want to say something that but... I can’t retort because all of what they said is true.

“Even though Captain is a werewolf, he is very strong... Although it’s cool when he’s rash, but lately he’s become more and more reckless.”

“We cannot support captain’s recklessness. It will be troubling if he dies because of it.”

“Yup, it’s an important responsibility. The future of the Demonkin depends on it.”

Why am I now being treated as the problem child?



# Chapter 48

## Betrayal, Return, and Bounty

That's the problem, Saint Mildin-sama.

"That's wrong... That's not my name..."

The Saint-sama with a gentle face looked downwards as she whispered her reply.

"My real name is Lash... I was a Senate member from the Magician Department..."

So Mildin was a stage name.

"My family was poor. The Senate gave me a scholarship to enable me to learn magic. But in return, I needed to work for them. That's all..."

I understand, so don't cry.

It seems that she was struggling with this as well.

"I understand that you didn't have a choice, but did you understand about the consequences that would occur if you guys were ever to get exposed as being fake?"

"Ah, yes..."

Mildin- no Lash, nodded her head.

"If the day ever came where we were exposed, there was a contingency plan put into place where we were to be taken to a special location where they were ready to make it look as if the Hero Ranhart had died in action."

"Was it okay like that?"

"If the popularity of the hero were to become too high and enable him to have his influence become bigger than the Senate, then the important people of the Senate would be very troubled."

For them to even include a place for them to die in their plan... Scary.

“Ah, of course, it’s won’t have been in vain. They said something about “challenging the Demon King to the death and then retiring.” After that, there will be a lot of ceremonies and speeches that will boost everyone’s morale.”

I see. They will say something along the lines of, “don’t let the hero’s death have been in vain” or something like that.

I nodded with a complicated feeling, then Lash looked up into my eyes.

“Ano...”

“What?”

“Were they strong?”

The girl was talking about the three people that I killed before.

If I had known that they were fake from the beginning, I could have used less lethal means. But even so, that situation was really dangerous.

Even though they were too reliant on their magic weapons, from my experience, that fake hero guy had definitely mastered his weapon. If that weapon had instead been wielded by a small fry, then they would certainly have never been capable of touching me.

Even though they were my enemy, they were still good warriors.

So, I guess I need to at least give an honest answer.

“If I had made a single mistake, I would be dead right now. Although it is a fact that it was certainly because of those magic weapons that they were so powerful, I feel that even without their weapons, they really were first-rate warriors. I want my subordinates to be like that.”

“I see... I’m so glad.”

Lash made a sigh of relief as she stroked her chest.

“From the beginning, those three could not make such a resolution. But at the time, they had always said that they wanted to die as real heroes.”

Please stop. My guilty feelings are already ready to explode at this point.

“By the way, that guy’s real name isn’t Ranhart, right? I kinda forgot about whether that guy was Ranhart or not.”

“Yes.”Ranhart” was using a substitution system. All of the members have a body double, including me. It’s a countermeasure in the event of an unforeseen killed-in-action situation.”

They really made a hero.

That’s why the Senate was looking so impatient.

Lash calmly said added.

“The three of them were really kind, good people. Although it was for a short time, it was really fun spending time together with them.”

Even though they are good people, they are still considered the enemy of our country. In the first place, while all of you were having a “great time,” an innumerable number of our comrades were getting killed.

Although I couldn’t force myself to say it, it seems it showed on my face.

Lash suddenly changed her expression, and lowered her head to me.

“I, I’m so sorry. We are- were your enemy, after all.”

“No, it’s okay. For us, they were a detestable enemy, but for you, they were precious comrades after all. Even for me, who is considered as nothing more than the Demon’s accessory, in the eyes of you and your comrades, I could be considered an enemy too, right?”

Because of what I said, Lash made a curious face and tilted her head.

“Accessory?”

“Yup, accessory. In this big Demon Army, I’m just an aide.”

With a curious face, Lash searched for something in her bag and took out a scrap of paper.

“Ano, here. This document was arranged by and issued from the Senate”

“Hnn?”

[The Ruler of Werewolves Vaito] 70,000 silver coins.

- The Supreme Leader of the Demon King’s Army who controls Rune Height.
- The perpetrator of the destruction of Tuban.
- Powerful Magician (Necromancer, Reinforcement magic, Destruction magic and many others).
- Because he is a young man with black hair, he will become a black werewolf when he transforms.
- Arrows are not ineffective against him.
- Has the strength to destroy a castle gate.
- Be careful of his howling because it can instantly kill humans.
- People bitten by him will become a werewolf.
- There’s no one who returns alive after fighting him.

“What is this...”

I make a full retort.

In the first place, ‘There’s no one who returns alive after fighting him,’ or ‘People bitten by him will become a werewolf,’ is really weird, right? I will not bite when I’m in the thick of battle.

When I make a complicated expression because of the document, Lash sees it, panics,

and hurriedly makes an excuse.

“Aaa, we knew Vaito-san was the Supreme Leader of the Demon Army based on that. I didn’t mean to offend you by showing it to you.”

“No, well, that’s okay. But even so, I want to meet with the guy who wrote this.”

This is why the rumors started piling up like that.

I wonder when he’ll add something like, “refreshing ikemen” in here? I want to see that no matter what.

Lash took my words to have a different meaning and became frightened.

“I, I’m so, I’m so sorry... Since a long time ago, I was known as the type that can’t read the situation very well...”

I certainly can’t disagree with that. Perhaps I pulled the wrong lottery here.

Even so, my bounty is 70,000 silver coins... If in this world one or two silver coins was enough for a regular person to live in comfort for one day, then I would become very rich quite easily for over 100 years if I were to spend only 700 silver coin/years.

I’m tempted to play dead and have someone go and collect the bounty.

If I look closely, there’s also our Demon Official Aria-dono’s bounty here.

[Viceroy of Betrayal Aria Ryutte Aindrof] 100,000 silver coins

- Disguised as a beautiful woman.
- Has a peerage in two territories (deprived).
- Sashimaeru sword style user (deprived).
- Master of Maiehara Imperial Tea Preparation Style 2nd grade (deprived).
- Graduate of the Miraldia Elementary Infantry Army (deprived).
- License for Miraldia Wide Area Trade (deprived).

So that girl is a talented noble-sama... And now, there's this array of beautifully deprived qualifications. With all of these qualifications that have been deprived, you can't refer to her as just "disguised as a beautiful woman" anymore.

It looks like she got a lot of curses. She even received a bigger bounty than me, a Demon.

She may already know about it, but I'll tell her later.

Leaving that aside, what should I do with Lash now?

"Do you want to go back to the Senate?"

"I want to go back, but if I return, they will beat me and execute me..."

Well, of course it will be like that.

It can't be helped, let's take care of her until the end.

"So, do you want to live at Rune height? With your skill, it's okay if you want me to employ you in the Demon Army."

"The, then... I want that, please."

Lash as the former fake Saint Mildin, bowed and lowered her head to me.

When there's a sign that the war at the Northern front will become a prolonged war, Rune Height citizens from here and there will start to return. Those who try to migrate and fail to find a place to hid away in will start to come back, little by little.

"Please hear me out, Vaito-san."

A citizen came to the window teller at 1st floor of Viceroy hall, and a bunch of citizens who wore travelling clothes came to talk to me.

"Those guys! Just because I'm from Rune Height, they treated me as if I were a member of the Demon Army! Please look at my cart!"

As he said that, he pointed to his cart. I looked to where he pointed, there were two arrows sticking out from it.



“They shot at me from the castle wall! And they told me to quickly disappear!”

“Ah... That was very unfortunate.”

All Rune Height trade merchants can manage that situation with bribery or pull some connections, but it's different for normal citizens.

Nevertheless, it's not good to resort to violence.

“Those bastards! Please destroy them immediately!”

“Whose ally are you?”

Looking at the current situation, it seems that Rune Height immigrants aren't all that welcome anywhere. More than one hundred passed away while trying to find safe harbor, and more than half of that number ended up returning to Rune Height.

There are some people who are still looking for a place to emigrate to as well as some unfortunate people who died by the roadside. And there were a few citizens who looked like they managed to safely migrate.

The citizens who came back from various places had lots of information. But, well, the places they had come from had a lot of prejudice mixed there.

We decided that they will be given a house to live in if they can restore the fields for the Demon Army. They cried in relief when they heard that.

“Thank you! Thank you so much... If we didn't decide to come back, maybe we would have ended up wandering through the desert forever... Seriously, thank you so much!”

“Rune Height will never abandon a Rune Height citizen. Please don't worry, it's okay now.”

After hearing my reply, they cried and nodded a lot more.

“Thank you Vaito-san! Please quickly destroy our enemies!”

It's because of your personality that they refused to accept you as immigrants.

# Chapter 49

## Disturbing Rumor

And thus, Lash threw away her moniker as “Saint Mildin.” She is just an illusionist and is living in Rune Height now.

I had seen her ability in genjutsu a few days ago. I also didn’t need to worry about her betraying me. After all, for now she doesn’t have any other option except to live under the demon king’s army.

I need to get the appointment permission from demon king-sama later. She will follow Aria in joining the demon army as a human, but will only receive the same treatment as an ordinary soldier.

Let’s keep it this way to capture more humans.

“Hoho, do you think so?”

“Yes, I am also against that.”

I could hear the conversation between Master and Lash from the room next to the office.

Apparently, it was a conversation between fellow magicians. Master is a shy type of person, but she seems to be able to talk with another magician.

I wondered what kind of conversation could be had between a necromancer and an illusionist. Let’s wait and see for a bit.

“Its just an example, but which one would you chose between ‘Eating a full course menu along with a coworker’ or ‘eating a sandwich in the corner of the library alone’?”

What kind of question is that?

Of course the answer will be a full course menu. There will be a lot to eat after all.

“Of course it will be ‘eating a sandwich in the corner of the library alone.’”

“That’s right!”

“It feels relaxing to silently eat a sandwich alone in the dim room, doesn’t it?”

I don’t get what she means.

I opened the door in the next room and vaguely looked at the both of them with pity.

Master, who made a smile and laughed, noticed me and turned her head.

“Oh, Vaito. As an apprentice magician, you need to hide that bright personality of yours, okay?”

“What personality are you talking about?”

I don’t need the kind of personality that makes me disappear when eating.

Lash, who also smiled and laughed, grasped the hands of master.

“Vaito-san! Gomovira-sama is really sociable! I really like talking with her!”

That’s right, I think...? if I think carefully, both of them are the type that are not good at communication...

Master, who nodded in approval, made an announcement.

“I think I want to make Lash my disciple. I know some powerful genjutsu that has been lost in human society. How about it, Lash?”

“Yes, Gomovira-sama!”

“Now now, it’s okay to call me Movi-chan.”

“Yes, Movi-chan sensei!”

“Umu umu, that’s good.”

My head hurt.

Let's go back to work.

I'm happy to get a younger sister disciple, but I also felt troubled from the information I received from Lash.

"Do you know of Shaldir in the East of Rune Height?"

"Of course I know. It's not nearby, but it's on the East side."

Shaldir is a trading city like Rune Height.

Mineral resources are mined at the Northern Bolts mine and processed into products in the industrial city Tuban.

And then they bring it to Rune Height and it transport it to each city in the South.

Shaldir is further East from here, and if you go a bit further, it will be outside Miraldia territory. It's quite different, but you can think of it as something like the Silk Road.

But that Shaldir has a bad relationship with the city in the North. It seems there's a lot of things that happened during the time of the unity war, and they kept holding grudges against each other.

"There's a rumor about Shaldir that they have a plan to become independent from Miraldia. This rumor is flowing throughout the North, you know."

"Oi oi, Shaldir will perish if they decide to become independent now."

"However, the one who will be truly troubled would be the senate because all the Southern parts will slowly become demon king army supporters. There's also the fake hero project, which makes the situation look weird."

Shaldir can't survive if they don't maintain the status quo. No matter how much discord gets stirred up in the North.

Even if they want to join hands with the demon king's army, they need a good resolution to even try to do that.

There will be no unity if they can't build trust.

However, I also remembered some pertinent information.

A portion of the citizens of Rune Height aim to go to Shaldir.

Well, they will come back in the end, but there are rumors that say it seems the viceroy of Shaldir is making a weird movement.

Miraldia has requested to place a reserve army at the garrison of Shaldir, but the viceroy has refused the request.

There is Brunehainen in the Northwest of Rune Height, and Tuban at the Northeast. Both are under the rule of the demon army. The west is outside of Miraldia territory.

So to capture Rune Height, the only way to attack would be from the South and the East. They will most likely attack from the East. They need to take a detour if they do it from the South.

Even so, the story about the viceroy who refused to receive the reserve army is quite interesting.

Of course, this time I will use the Werewolf Trader Corps to find out about it.

And the result of the investigation is troubling me.

Shaldir has refused the request from the North for a long time.

Even now, they refused with a reason that, "it's impossible to prepare adequate supplies and preparations for the reserve army that is coming from the North." This reason is too weak. Of course it's just used as a formality.

Their real motive is, "we hate you so leave."

However, the dislike of the Northern cities are common for the Southern cities, including Rune Height.

That's because the Northern army was fighting the Southern army at the time of the Miraldia unification war.

The problem is not about the liberal soldier, it's about the rumor from the Senate.

If it is strong enough that it can shake and control a regular person psyche, then it's not a mere rumor anymore. It's a weapon for intelligence warfare.

Is there something that I can use here?

After that, Aria came to the office room. I wanted to have a consultation with her for a bit.

"Ah... that kind of trouble, I properly understand. There's a tradition of giving a second rank noble to Aindolf, that's one of the reasons."

Aria said that while take a glance at master and Lash.

"Even though my father and I offered a huge amount of the profit we got from trading to the Miraldia national treasury, we still stay as is."

"Because of that, you abandoned Miraldia."

"Second rank noble is just a caretaker and doesn't have an authority for urban development. If the citizens want to ask for sorting and expansion, they need to get permission from the senate. And it will not be accepted unless they pay a large amount in donation."

"That's a terrible story."

Right now, Rune Height is in the middle of redevelopment and such permission is unnecessary.

"Shaldir is also getting the same treatment. The viceroy's predecessor received abuse from the Senate because they interfered with father and I,

they are doing good enough to hold onto such resentment."

However, if the bad rumor is flowing even until the North, perhaps there will be room for negotiation.

"Can you negotiate with the viceroy of Shaldir?"

"I don't know. I understand the ability of Alam-dono who is the current viceroy, but I don't know the situation around Shaldir, so I can't give a solid answer..."

That Alam guy, even though he hates the North, it seems he is not foolish enough to simply make a deal with the demon king's army.

Yup, he needs to be that kind of person.

"That's interesting. Let's go try to meet him for a bit."

"Vaito-dono will go?"

Aria is surprised, but I have already decided.

"If he is an acquaintance of Aria-dono, then it's okay if it's just a chat. If it's not good... Well, we will manage somehow."

This is the bad habit of a werewolf, not thinking much about what would happen if he fails.

The risk of being killed is low, too.

"Now that it has been decided, I need to choose an attendant immediately. Please cover for me while I am absent, Aria-dono."

"Be sure to tell Your Majesty the Demon King, okay?"

"Now, don't say such stiff words and just overlook it, please. This is also for the safety of Rune Height. So just drink the tea and go back to public service."

I forcefully pushed Aria's back and drove her out. Now I need to think of who I will take with me.



# Chapter 50

## Lash's Letter

Mom, onee-chan, how are you? This is your ridiculous and foolish sister desu.

To tell you the truth, the other day, I was working as Saint Mildin in the Hero Ranhart's party.

But I have stopped doing that.

I am in Rune Height now.

Ah, by the way, Ranhart is not really a Hero.

That is a pretense made by the people in the Senate.

A few days have passed since I stopped being a fake saint and started to live in Rune Height.

At first, I was puzzled by the climate and topography in the South, but thanks to my decent personality, I was able to acclimate to it better. And as a plus, the food in the South is very delicious desu.

The situation in Rune Height is quite different from what I thought it was.

When I got an order from the Senate to join the Hero's party, I received an explanation about Rune Height that went something like this desu.

『Rune Height is dominated by demons, the sound of executions and tortures echo the streets every day. Everywhere is filled with the scent of rot and piled up corpses. The water in drainages are all dyed in dark red blood, and even clean water can't be obtained properly. 』

Honestly, I had thought it was the scariest place.

But in that case, I thought that even if we were just fake heroes, all we needed to do

was unite the people of Miraldia to overcome them.

That is what I thought desu.

However, that strategy did not go well.

I will never forget that night.

And, I never want to remember it.

Those three knights received death at the same time.

And I was the only one who survived. I am sorry.

Vaito-san, the Werewolf Commander, saved me. Thanks to his mercy, I was able to run away from Schubelm and came to Rune Height.

The people here didn't know about me who acted as a fake saint, and they didn't care too much about it either.

For example, the priest-sama of the Radiant Light Church here is very different, he is really kind. He didn't feel that it was a bother to come and see me.

When I confessed my sins, he gave me a big nod and said ' I am also the same, a sinful and lost person. You can't erase your sins, but you can atone for your sins. That is what I think... The important people of the Radiant Light Church usually give the impression of being very proud, but it is different in.

There are a lot of Demons walking around town.

Should I call them Inujin-san? To me, they seem like inujin-san, but they are really cute. They are so fluffy.

There are werewolves, too, and people who look like lizards. I was scared at first, but they were surprisingly kind and polite.

Oh yeah, there are also people who have the lower body of a horse. Most of them are handsome, but somehow they also seem so masculine.

Ah, that's right. I forgot to write the names of the three knights who worked with me.

I don't know if these were their real names, but if you happen to meet their families, please tell them about what happened to them.

In charge of the Saint Sword was Evinem-san.

'Even though there's a lot of people who are better suited to this sword than me, this name is a little... "He always used to say that.

In charge of being the Knight Kiyoshi is Kaniza-san,'It's good to be famous, but it's painful because I need to have an upright attitude. And the the one who did the most and served as the Hero Ranzart was Scherk-san. His favorite phrase was 'If someday I drive away the Demons from Miraldia, will there be a day where I could tell the truth...?. Even though Vaito-san is the one who killed these three people, he still praised them. He said they were first class warriors.

So for the sake of those three, please sleep peacefully. Please be as gentle, reliable, and kind as you've always been. Thank you.

The coward in me has the intention to live under the protection of the Demon King's Army from now on. And for that, I am truly sorry.

Vaito-san risked his life to save me who is his enemy. I still don't know why he did such a thing.

And the other strange thing is, Vaito-san only killed those three knights that night. Even though he caused a big ruckus to save me, he didn't kill even one soldier of Miraldia.

When I asked him for the reason why, Vaito-san's face looked like he was saying 'Oops', and told me this behind my back.

'Ah— ... That is, hora. It was boring to kill those small fries. I am not a Demon nor am I a soldier, so I don't understand it, is that how it is?

But thanks to that, I feel at ease. I didn't want people to die, after all.

Even so, Vaito-san is a Demon, so it feels a little strange desu.

He looks like a friendly neighborhood oniisan. (TN: Spiderman reference. )

Oh yeah, there is also a very great magician in the Demon King's Army. I became the pupil of the Great Sage Gomovira-sama. I call her Movi-chan sensei.

But the name of "Gomovira" reminds me of the time when I was still learning. Was it Magic history? I am not so good at remembering magic history.

It's very fun to study again after a long time. It is good that magic is moving according to the technique formula that is input. So it is not tiring like the Society's.

When I said so to Movi-chan sensei, she nodded very deeply.

By the way, even after I was saved, I kept thinking'Even though I just did as those important person told me to, why were they so angry at me?. But in the end, I need to take responsibility for what I did. I can't blame those important people desu.

...No, I still want to pursue those important person in order to make them take responsibility. If I think about it, it's like I was a disposable pawn, huh?

Apart from that, I also need to reflect on it.

So I have decided that I will start to do as much good as I can, in relation to the number of people I deceived, from now on. I think there is something I can do, even for an underling like me. Maybe.

Like world peace?

Well then, I hope this letter can be sent by someone, but... I think it will not get sent for now.

That's why, I will live on and in the future, I hope to meet with mother and oneechan.

Please be well, you two.

# Chapter 51

## Awkward Diplomacy

‘Beside the caravan, can you deliver this?. I held out a letter to the trade dealer Mao. Recently, whenever he had a free time, he always hang out at my office.

Mao tilted his head when he looked at the lovely sealed letter with red light on it.

‘Where do you want to deliver this?. ‘At the Clarkhem in northern part. The address and the recipient’s is as written here. ‘This is quite far isn’t it... Accidentally, I had something to do over there, so it’s okay. He received that letter, but his face still had curiosity on it.

‘Do you have an acquaintance at Clarkhem?. ‘It seems it was the hometown of the fake saint-sama. I already checked the content, so it’s no problem”

Mao still made a weird face, but he nodded and put it in his pocket.

‘I will carry this duty carefully. Do you need the delivery proof?. ‘Yes please. it’s okay with a reply letter”

‘I understand. But the Clarkhem is a remote region.

What is he doing there?

‘What business do you had in Clarkhem?. ‘It is this, here. What he take out was a lump of white stone.

At first, I didn’t know what it is, but the sense of smell of the werewolf helped me. It was a rock salt.

‘If it’s about the salt, then you can take as much as you want from the sea in the south right? Why do you need to go to Clarkhem?. Then Mao shrugged his shoulders.

‘The flavor of the rock salt and sea salt is different after all. From here we will take a salt that has been purified from the salt field, and we will buy the rock salt from there.

Because we carry both salt on the way back, it makes the management of commodity easier. 'Well, the taste is different but... There was a smell of sulfur from the rock salt that Mao brought. With the werewolf sense of smell, it can't be helped if it's smelly even before transforming.

'Rub the meat and tallow with it, and warm it lightly, it's good you know? The bad smell will fly with fire, and it will make a good taste. It can be sell to high-class restaurants and rich people at a good price. Really?

'By the way, do you have a connection in Shaldir?. 'No, I am mainly at the north and south... even if I bring the purification salt to Shaldir, it will only bought with a cheap prize. But sometimes I coming there to sell the rock salt... what a useless guy.

'The viceroy Alam-sama is a gourmet, so sometime he order a rock salt from us. We able to managed somehow if it just to met him. ' You... That would be enough.

If it has been decided, then I didn't need to talk with this scoundrel anymore.

'Then arranged it immediately. 'Understood. specifically, how do you want it to be arranged?. I made a thin smile.

'Just tell them I will go for a greeting. 'I understand. I immediately pushed all of the public affair to Aria and made a preparation to go to Shaldir.

I made a detour to a small desert in the east, it just a small petty trip.

Actually I wanted to go alone, but If I made a solo action, the guys in werewolf corps will be noisy.

It's a good time, let's take Hamam's corps. Since they are originally a nomads from desert, so they should be used to traveling in the desert.

'I'm depend on you, Hamam. 'Understood, aide. Trade city Shaldir is located beside the beautiful lake. It's the oasis of the trade route.

Even though it's the same trade city, the emphasis seems to be put on the comfort and replenishment of the caravan. The gist in here is a little bit different than Rune height who focus on the trade of shipment.

There seems to be a red light district as well, that place made me a little anxious.

Since I reincarnated, I lived a life without a net and television. it can't be helped to anxious about showy thing like that.

I will not going there because it was an enemy ground but...

When I made a request to met on front of the castle gate of Shaldir, the guards were blatantly shaken.

We are just 5 people, furthermore, we are all unarmed, but we are still an envoy from demon king army.

However the commotion settled immediately when the viceroy Alam himself appeared.

There's no soldier like atmosphere, but he has the power of leadership. maybe it's almost the same like Aria.

But this guy had an appearance like a young nerd.

'It is nice to meet you. I am the viceroy of the Shaldir, baron Alam Souk Shazaf. I thought to met you one day. 'The aide of the demon king army first division, Vaito. I apologize for a sudden visit. Well then, show me your true personality.

I made a way to a gorgeous room with a nice view. It seems it was a viceroy's parlor.

'For those attendant, please come over here to relax. 'No, we are... Hamam waved his head horizontally, then I made a command.

'If it's about me then don't worry. Just take a rest. when I said that, Hamam knitted his eyebrow, but looks like he guessed that it was bad to protest in front of the viceroy.

'Well then, as you wish. Hamam party was guided to a separate room, and I will faced each other with viceroy and 2 more people.

Alam made a ridicule smile, then offered me a cup of jasmine tea.

'it's quite a surprise, I never thought that the highest top brass in demon king army Vaito-dono will coming here. 'I am just an aide. Without being cautious, I sipped the tea.



It will be a serious affair if he served me a poison, but for me who is a coward, I had prepared a magic to counter it in advance.

Also, I drunk it magnificently to appeal that any trickiness is pointless.

I don't know the tea leaves that he used, but this is delicious.

I put the glass teacup and begin the chat leisurely.

Very recently, it seems my bad reputation is spreading, so let's try to talk with a little bit gentle.

'The aroma of the tea is very good. is it due to the trade?'. 'Yes. The unusual tea and a high priced glass utensil.

So he appealed the economic power and the influenced power of the trade.

So his character is schemer type.

But this tea is really delicious. Even in my precious life, I never drunk this something with this flavor before, let's try to request it casually.

'If there's a chance, I would like to cool it down and drink it. 'Well then, I will prepare something cooler later. 'Yup, with a lot of ice floating on it. 'Ice?. The facial expression of Alam became stiff.

'ice... is it... I, I see... Oops, the one just now was a verbal slip.

Of course there is no freezer in this world. It seems there is a ice house in the northern part, but since it's in the south, the snow will not falling. *(Tn: ice house is a storage room to store an ice)*

It was doubtful whether Alam has seen ice before or not. Maybe he didn't have information about it.

it was thoughtless of me because at the master's place, I often made an ice.

When summer came, master always made a huge ice then divide and give it to everybody to drink it with tea and fruit juice.

It was fun... No, It's not a case of escaping from reality.

'It would be great to relax with an ice floating on a tea while looking at the lake of Shaldir... As Alam suppress the trembling, he laughed and said it. The smile is awkward.

It seems I hurt his pride. Sorry.

Or rather, you are surprisingly troublesome.

It's not like I came to said the culture in Shaldir is bad. I came with the intention to build a good friendship from now on.

It's a great hospitality, so I need to praised it somehow.

Ah right, this tea utensil is wonderful.

'This glass tea utensil, it's really takes out a nice air and flavor. This strain is not artificial, also the thickness make a calm effect instead. 'Eh?. The expression of Alam change once again.

Now what?

'The hot water, the thickness and strained is it... That was, umm... Ah right, I forgot.

Long time ago, when I split the window glass in Rune Height, it was such unpolished glass. Even after repaired it.

Even though I thought the shade off inside the room is enough for preservation of high classified information, it's not like I warped it on purpose, it seems the thickness is not good.

'It-Its a crude product but... It seems you liked it the most desu..."

The voice is blatantly sunk. I have done a bad things.

But, I thought this is a good design though. If you buy it at antique store in the previous life, it should cost around one thousands yen. It maybe 10 thousands.

However, in this way, I don't know what to compliment and how i should compliment

it.

I abandoned talking about the cultural difference, then decide to stab his nail for the time being.

'By the way, there seems to be someone inside this room. At a first glance, they are nowhere to be found inside this room.

but my sense of hearing and smell told me that there's someone in this room, hiding behind Alam. It's for the sake to run away, maybe this is what they called 'Hidden warrior'. the soldier for escort is hidden.

A damp of cold sweat floating from Alam, the he responded with an awkward smile.

'Tha-That is... umm, t-the maid is cleaning in the back... I am deeply apologize about that. Well, I thought it's fine to hide the soldier in different room. It's an interview with the enemy of the viceroy so it's normal to do it.

But, if he feels like to attack me with that soldier, a useless sacrifice will come out.

Let me advise him properly.

even so, it's difficult if he said they are a maid.

'They really stink like a man for a maid. And they seems to come along with a clothes made from iron. My sense of hearing captured a faint sound of metal armor. it seems they pay attention to soundproofing, but it's totally useless.

A vague smile is floating from Alam's cramped face.

'No, umm... that was... uuuuh. From a little while ago, every time I speak the air gets more awkward, so i will tell him straight to the point.

'What to say, if the maid who wear an iron armor is only 6 people, then it's unreliable. Also, the distance is too far. 'Wha!?. Since it was possible to classified the smell and the sound of footstep, I able to understood the number of people.

It is also a fact that the distance is too far. The wall where the soldiers are hiding and the seat of Alam are more than 2 meters apart.

Even if Alam suddenly dashed towards the wall and the soldier jumped out at the same time, it will be faster for me to transform and break Alam's neck.

Of course I will not do such a thing, but if i try to do it, I think it will be easy.

In other words, Alam is confronted me equally without any escort.

That's why, I wanted to not raised any weird felling.

It's not easy to going easy on someone in order not to kill.

Even so, my poor conversation is troublesome... With this I can't laughed at what master and Lash said.

# Chapter 52

## Negotiate With Each Other

It can't be helped. It seems it's impossible for me to be friendly, so I'll be plain and business like.

'So, the reason for my visit today is to make a discussion with Alam-dono. ' Discussion? The sweat stain appears on Alam's clothes and his expression has become quite stiff. It seems he is quite stressful.

He didn't know what to do with this werewolf, and more than that, the guy he faced had a high bad reputation in Miraldia. If the position is reversed, I will be incontinent somehow and it's not funny.

I felt sorry for Alam, but I will explain it briefly.

'Will you take a friendly relationship with demon king army instead of Miraldia alliance? 'Wha!?. Alam made a strange voice while raised his hips.

'Do you want me to betray Miraldia!?. 'No, it is not. Calm down. From this point, I need to continue this conversation carefully.

The basis of the negotiation is to explain the advantage of the opponent. I thought it was important to explain'There will be a benefit if you ride on this proposal. Furthermore, the threat is suitable to this. It's a business negotiation that he could get his safety back by taking this proposal.

Of course, this is for the last measure.

With a low voice, I continue to choose my words slowly.

'To begin with, why do you place a loyalty to a country who sometimes will be destroyed?' Destroyed...? Any country will perish sometime. At the previous life, I learned it in the class. But I slept in the half way though.

Anyway, in order for a city like Shaldir to survive, it needs to keep moving on the

stream.

Rather than clinging to an old-fashioned alliance forever, it is better to sell a rave review with demon king army.

Alam fixed his gaze on me. His complexion is bad.

‘As expected, do you intend to destroy Miraldia?. ‘It will perish depending on the case. Perhaps if they receive the demon kin, maybe it will change the shape of the country.

Fortunately, Miraldia is not a monarchy. It might become something unexpected if a demon added to the senate.

However, Alam’s complexion is gradually becoming worse, did he misunderstand something?

‘Please don’t misunderstand. we are not interested in bloodshed. Actually, three cities and Rune height has lived under the control of demon king army... ‘In-In other words... If we become your allies, Shaldir will not be destroyed?. ‘Of course. That is only if you become an ally... It’s not like it will be destroyed even if you become our allies. But if I say that, it won’t become a negotiation, so I’ll be quiet for now.

Alam bit his lips and look downwards.

I felt somehow the misunderstand has deepened, let’s explain the advantage before it turned into a strange direction.

‘ I understand that the cities in the southern part including Shaldir have antipathy with northern part. that’s the reason why demon king army is shaking Miraldia from the south and the north... This is a lie.

Because 2nd division and 3rd division has so much different objective, demon king-sama ordered both divisions to proceed from different routes.

It’s because we are a countryman who lived in the mountain and the forest.

We didn’t know the situation inside the alliance.

However, Actually, it’s not a problem. It’s fine as long as the opponent believe it.

‘Bernhainen, Tuban, Rune Height in the southern part are already occupied by demon king army. Especially Bernhainen and Rune Height, the Viceroy himself has shown the allegiance to demon king army. It’s because Bernhainen’s Viceroy had become a vampire, so it’s not like a voluntary will. But he will not know if I remained silent.

‘Among 8 city in the southern part, only 5 city remains. As a demon king army, I would like to reward the city who become an ally at the early stage... It was a casual appeal, it’s better if you became an ally earlier.

‘Especially, because Shaldir is a little bit far away, but it still next to the east of Rune Height. If it’s possible, I would like to build a friendly relationship at early stage... When I took a fleeting glance at Alam Face, his complexion is calming down. Maybe that was his expression when doing a calculation.

But, from this point, it’s a taboo to keep persistent in negotiation.

Shaldir had accepted to become a member of Miraldia alliance. Betrayal entails a great deal of risk.

As the result of their independence, in the case they are attacked by Miraldia army, Demon king army will not protect them. I would like to protect them if it’s possible, but I had an insufficient force now.

If there’s a proper judgement remain, they will have no choice but to reply ‘No” even if I killed them all.

And then, if they are clearly rejected it now, the negotiations will end with this.

That will be a problem.

That’s why I stood up and gave a light nod to Alam.

‘Of course you can’t reply it now. A trust relationship takes time to build. So, it’s okay to reply it later. Because of my words, Alam had a relieved expression on his face.

‘I understand. Please let me consider it a little bit more. ‘Yes, It would be helpful if you could. Then see you later. I took this opportunity to do a quick inspection in the Shaldir and went home.

Because there’s a lake at the north side, the town is full of caravans. A merchant with



various clothes coming from many places is relaxing at taverns and inns.

It's lively, and the people's living standard seems to be good, but I noticed that the number of the guard is too small.

Instead, I saw a soldier with the same clothes as guards. Who are they?

On the way back, I heard a complaint of Hamam's corps.

'Captain, Why you didn't do something to that Viceroy?. 'Yeah, isn't it enough with just 5 of us to attack them?. 'I thought I will be able to rampant around after a long time. These guys only want to rampant around after all.

When I sighed, the team captain Hammam said.

'Just believe the adjutant. The adjutant has a good intelligence that we do not have... Because of that words, the werewolves look at each other and nodded in agreement.

'That's right. 'It will be okay if we leave it to captain. I had a good subordinate.

But it's not like I had a good intelligence, it's just that I was a human being in the previous life.

After I came back, I found out the true reason why Alam didn't accept Miraldia army.

According to the rumors from the trade dealers, Alam seems gathered a private army secretly.

Shaldir's guard assignment is only 120 people. it's less than Rune Height. It seems it's because of the unification war, even so, that's too small.

In the trade route, there is a nomad tribe which didn't belong to the city. They are a neighbor as well as thieves who sometimes haunt the trade route. they gathered tolls from the traveler without permission.

If you give them gold obediently, they will give you directions and other conveniences, but even so, they are a not well-behaved people.

Of course, I will not drop my guard.

But with 120 guards, the best they can do is only to protect the city's security. Because it's a city with many people coming in and out, it will take a considerable manpower just for examination of the castle gate.

Tentatively, they need to dispatch a reserve army for an emergency, but it's insignificant if they didn't make it.

Therefore it seems Alam used the extensive funds from the time he was appointed as a viceroy and hired mercenaries and swordsman. So what I saw in Shaldir was the private army.

The exact number of people is unknown, but according to the rumors, it's probably around 200 people. And as far as I saw, the equipment and the discipline level is equivalent as guard corps. The order is also not bad.

But this violated the Miraldia agreement about a city is prohibited to have a reserve army. If that thing comes to light, it will be frightening.

I thought that truth will be exciting. It's quite bold for a coward. Perhaps he is the type of schemer who drowning in the plan.

But this is the best chance for demon king army to eat. Why not sell our power and let them became our allies.

In the near future, let's go and try it again.

# Chapter 53

## Vaito's Self Admonition

After that, when I found some spare time, I went to visit Shaldir.

Although I had intended to be gentle as much as possible, I still feel as though I'm not welcomed here.

Thinking about it, I wonder if my bad reputation has spread to this place. What a difficult situation.

No matter what I say, I feel as though it will become misunderstood in some strange way.

While holding such concerns, I went to greet Shaldir.

'Thank you very much for visiting me so often... I saw a glimpse of Alam's complexion, his complexion looks bad today.

'The matter from the other day, the conclusion is still... 'I'm patient enough so don't worry. I just came to give you a set of silverware as a souvenir today. I heard that Alam-dono is quite the gourmet... Alam received the spoon and fork set with a delicate design on it, and his face became more and more pained. Today, his expression grew bad just as usual.

This way, perhaps he can't feel anything when eating something with this silverware.

Anyway, let's take a step forward so we can get used to it.

If the relationship with Miraldia Alliance was not going well, then soon the only option for Alam was to join demon king army.

That was what I thought, but Today Alam looks a little strange. He's making an expression as if he's thinking hard about something.

'I... I do not have any intention to expose the people of Shaldir to danger. I thought it

was strange for Alam to suddenly start saying such a thing in a low voice.

‘What’s the matter, Alam-dono?. ‘At first glance, it seems that they leave the choice to me, but this is to make me fall into their trap... ‘Trap?. ‘Th-That’s right. If the executive of demon king army came to visit frequently, someday the rumor will spread in Miraldia. They will conclude that Shaldir is on friendly terms with the demon king army. I see. So there was such a way of thinking too.

But maybe I was a little too worried.

‘Calm down Alam-dono. It’s an informal and private visit with a small number of people, there’s no way they will find out about it. ‘That’s still no good! I-I will not make the relationship with Miraldia worsen! I can’t negotiate with the demon king army anymore!. I thought he was a timid nerd, but it turned out he was quite a brave man. But he is slightly too sharp.

‘My Shaldir is the member of Miraldia Alliance! We will never betray our brethren... I planned to advance this negotiation gently, but they clearly refused it.

It seems as though I was intimidating him more than I thought.

In this way, I didn’t have any option except to threaten them. Just like usual, let’s use the plan to threaten them and then do the conciliation.

I slowly started transforming into werewolf. When he saw my bizarre appearance, his face became completely white.

‘Alam, can I take that as refusal for the proposal of demon king army?. ‘Th-that’s right!. Alam clenched his fist, he is shivering and trembling.

‘I am Alam Souk Shazaf, and that’s my resolution as viceroy! So what if you killed 4000 people?!. Like I said it’s just 400 people, and at that time I only defeated 300 people.

‘Resolution?. I take a step forward and Alam shrugged his shoulder while trembling.

‘I-i-if you want to kill me, then kill me! I will not let you touch even one finger of the citizens!. It was bad to say this, but the skill of this warrior was still amateurish.

Because his caustic word had cut me even as a werewolf, I can understand how determined he was.

A leader who will protect the people at the risk of his own life, this is the second person besides Aria who acts like that.

Or rather, wasn't this guy a scheming nerd? I was surprised that he was unexpectedly such a hot blooded person.

If I think about it, as a tactician it's quite bold to take a risk of breaking the agreement for not to made a private army. He might be the type unsuitable for plotting.

Should I check it at once?

'So you're ready to wage your life for the citizens of Shaldir?. 'Th-that's right!. Even though he was trembling, he didn't lose the glint of radiance in his eyes.

'It's true when you said that demons are strong. But with strength alone, you can't make humans abide you! Don't think that you can get Shaldir just by killing me!. What he said is right.

The one who takes the command in demon kin is the strongest warrior, when the leader collapses, the successor will be the next strongest warrior. Because of this, the command will surely collapse.

However, the leader for human civilisations are a little different. Even if the leader is defeated again and again, the successor will be equal or more superior than the previous leader.

This difference is the definite difference between humans and the demon kin.

This is why we demons can't beat humans.

But unlike my first impression of him, Alam was more passionate than expected. It was surprising that I ran straight away to his real intention like this.

Alright, I'll stop threatening him. Let's tell him our real motive. Let's try to explain the reason rather than the advantage.

'Don't worry. Demon king-sama and I do not want such bloodshed. The second division is a little bit different, so it was a pity that I can't say'demon king army'.

'Even at the time whilst capturing Rune Height, only 7 soldiers got killed. There was

not a single wound on any of the citizens. We admit that we've killed 400 soldiers in Tuban, but that was because they had come to invade Rune Height... 'I-is that true?. 'It's true. To begin with, there's no way Aira-dono will tie an alliance with demon king army if we are a fiendish race just like how it is in the rumours... These words seem quite effective. Alam became silent.

I told this to Alam to clear his resentment.

'Our objective is not to control nor destroy human beings. Instead, it was human beings who tried to destroy us, so we needed to stand up... 'Th-that maybe the case but..... 'Demon king-sama is the first person who tried to find a way to coexist with humans. We are different than Miraldia, we do not hold any grudges against Shaldir. I believe that it will certainly turn out well... But Alam had put on a difficult expression and bites his lips.

'B-but if we join hands with the demon king army because of that reason, the citizens of Shaldir will be in danger... I have a responsibility to protect the citizens... If they admit to coexistence with demon kin, the world surely will change. Because of the superior military in Miraldia who wants to maintain the current situation, they will never admit to it.

Even so, we didn't want to perish. We needed to make a place somewhere.

Because of that, we needed to resort to violence.

'That's the same for us. Demon kin lost their home because of human beings and were driven to a corner. We can't take a step back anymore. If you decide to make an alliance, then demon king army will come to help and protect Shaldir. And because of that won't you bring about a new era?. Alam bit his lips hard enough to the point where they became swollen. There was a bitter wrinkle crease between his eyebrows.

'Change is certainly important. It's the same as a boat going down a river, there's a limit to staying at the same place. But at the same time, the boat will turn over if it goes too fast. I was taught so from my predecessor. And it relies on a certain strategy to ride on the currents... I see, so the reason he behaved as a tactician was probably because of what his predecessor said.

You will be tired of playing as a character that doesn't suit you.

'When we get on the flow of coexistence with demon kin, Miraldia's ship will certainly

be overturned. So will Shaldir's ship get overturned too?. I shook my head to the side.

'It will not. It will be good if you come to Rune Height. The humans there are living happily with demons. If you do things with care, we will be able to walk together... But Alam still stood in silence.

'Can you... give me time to think about it? This time it's not to prolong the time... I really want to have some time to think. I want to have a talk with everyone... I didn't smell a lie from him. His expression is serious too.

I'll trust Alam on this.

'I understand, you can think about it carefully. I will not interfere with Shaldir from now on unless you do anything funny... I was entrusted to make a move in the war of the southern part, so I am able to promise something like this. In Alam's case, it's better to not excessively interfere.

Alam stared at me motionlessly, but after that, he opened his mouth.

'You... Who are you?. 'I am just an adjutant of the demon king army that exists in the mountains... I gave a simple answer and turned my back on him.

'See you next time, Alam-dono... On the way back after I withdrew, I greatly reflected on it.

Recently, it seems that I was becoming more arrogant. I didn't even properly take into consideration the proposal, it would have been a problem if I gave a threat to that person. Perhaps it was because I had the strength of werewolf that I became haughty.

Also, I think it was because that all of that detestable traitor's plot that my heart is raging.

Sometimes it is important to get to the real intention, rather than relying on minor techniques.

Anyway, it was good that Alam seems to be honest. I still can't be negligent, but it seems that I can continue the negotiation with that feeling.

# Chapter 54

## Secret Agreement Of The Demon Capital

It was a little bit after the viceroy of Shaldir, Alam, decided to visit Rune Height.

Looks like he was curious.

It was a very happy story, but there was only one miscalculation.

I never thought he who was hesitating will make a decision so quickly. He was more decisive and manly than I expected.

It was troubling. The wall on the east side is still not finished yet.

‘Can you do something about it?. ‘It’s impossible. Even by using magic. I consulted it with Azul of the Tuban engineering team who lead the construction, but it was easily rejected.

If somehow magic able to do it, we can manage it since a long time ago.

No, wait a minute.

A few days later, Viceroy Alam along with 100 private armies came to visit Rune Height.

I guess he brought to many escorts, but since it was the viceroy who come to the enemy ground, it’s normal to do so.

From the past conversation, I knew that Alam is not the kind of man who will suddenly start a war here.

‘Oh... So this is the gate of Rune Height... It is no wonder that Alam was amazed.

The newly created gate boasts the dignity of the demon capital. With the Tuban solid gate as a reference, we made it even stronger.



The walls from here continue to surround the perimeter of Rune Height. Both the height and thickness are correspondence to full-scale siege warfare.

‘How much time do you need to make this?. Actually, we didn’t make it.

Except for the gate, it was an estimated projection made with illusion magic

‘Rune Height is not the servant of Miraldia anymore. Even we made walls, no one felt constraint by it. That’s why we immediately rebuild it. After I said it with full of confidence, I talked in a low voice with Lash who pretending to be my aide.

‘Is it really okay for this guy to touch it?. ‘Ah, yes. I reproduced the texture as if 『I feel like touch something』 . It’s fine even if he hit it. As expected of the great sage Gomovira’s disciple. her Ability is originally high, but the growth speed is amazing. Maybe she wasn’t just a Saint-sama.

However, it was just an illusion. It will be exposed if she dropped her guard.

even though I was slightly impatient, I invited Alam to the gate.

‘I would like you to see the state of the city that better than this one. I’m sure you will be surprised. Hey? come in quickly. Here, look at the city.

Aah, please don’t look at the wall too much.

As we passed through the new east gate, there was a wide vacant lot in the neighborhood.

‘In the near future, we had a plan to make a new residential area here. Since Rune height citizen lives in the old city, perhaps there will be a lot of human and demon will come and live in here.

I was a consideration for rune height citizen who wants to maintain their old life. There was a lot of conflict between local people and newcomers even in the previous life.

Then, we passed through the old east gate.

When Alam saw the main street in the Rune Height east gate, he and his private army let out a voice of admiration.

‘Wow..... ‘So this is the demon capital... When the east gate was blocked, I was asked to revitalize the district, so I set up a workshop for inujin here. It was a salon of inujin, a combination of hobby and profit.

The revitalization is going well, and there were a restaurant and game place made for inujin now.

In the corner of the workshop, a human trader and inu jin craftsmen are talking about something. When I looked at those two cheerful appearances, looks like the products seem to be sold quite well.

I think there are several dragonewt at the butcher’s shop. They carefully calculate the chicken meat to use for dinner.

They are subordinates of Kurtz. Maybe on the way back, they order something from the studio.

In another place... Hey isn’t that Fern onee-chan?

‘Fern, what are you doing!?. Then Fern onee-chan waved her hand to me while being surrounded by inujin.

‘because my corps is off duty today, I am having a tea with inujin. How about you joined as well Vaito-kun?. ‘I can’t! I told you that there’s an important person coming right!?. ‘Ah, right. Don’t become a piece of junk as soon as the inujin is involved, Fern onee-chan.

I felt Alam stared at me, so I cough in hurry.

‘I’m sorry, I showed you an ugly part of my subordinate. Alam was watching me and Fern onee-chan over and over.

Then because she can’t hold it anymore, she asked me in a low voice.

‘Ano, that 『Vaito-kun』 is...?. ‘Would you be so kind to forget it?. He nodded so many times when I threatened him.

Then I explained it to Alam once again.

‘There’s a workshop for inujin in east district, you can also buy their product here.

They are a master in silversmiths. To corrode a silver is a bad thing for them. 'Wow... is that including the silverware that I receive before?. 'That's right. it was their work. 'I see. This is going to be a great industry. They have both values of cultural and artistic. Oh, I was happy when he said so.

because we have a same dog face and demon, I wanted to wipe out their bad image.

'Please forgive me for giving you a lot of suspicions when I got a silverware from you who is a werewolf. I didn't mean any ill intention. 'I also apologized because made such misunderstanding. Aah, so it was like that! the problem was solved now.

...Let's be careful next time.

After that, we headed towards the center of Rune height.

In the front of the Viceroy house, Aura is waiting in a full dress.

'It's been a while Alam-dono. Usually, I should welcome you in the gate, but as you can see... Two of her secretary follow her while carrying a bundle of documents. Behind them, there were 20 guards corps and 2 werewolf corps following them.

It seems the paperwork didn't finish in time. That's why I went back and forth between Shaldir and this place.

There was another reason for why she wait in here.

Because there was a risk of being assassinated, she can't leave the gate. she was the weakest among the important people of demon king army.

She can't walk out freely like me.

When Alam looks at Aura's face, he takes a step up while being relieved.

'I'm glad to see you well. You were called 『Demon official』 now. 'Yes, I was working hard to connect human and demon right now. Because of that great title, Aura will be embarrassed whenever this topic comes up.

'Let's talk a bit further about what happened in the past. Please come this way. Aura invited and guided Alam to the hall

I'll also come, but it will be peaceful if I leave it to her

After heard Aura's story, Alam nodded keenly.

'I see, I understand... Then it's no wonder that the scene of the town will be like that. After he said that, he takes a sip of the green tea.

'If I was the Viceroy of Rune Height, I will make a similar decision in the end. I can't make prompt decision like Aura. Liar, you also have a pretty good determination.

I look at his face and Alam made a bitter smile.

'Even so, Shaldir has a few troops and is the protection is not hard. It's impossible for the country not to look if there's demon king army stationed in there. Yeah, that's true.

But there was a military force that I can turn around... But it was only in the case of emergency, it was impossible to stay permanently.

Then, Alam continues to speak.

'I would like to make a cooperative relationship in the form of secret agreement. I would publish the official alliance anytime. of course as a friend of demon king army. 'I'm glad to hear that. I can't completely relieve because it still in secret agreement, but it still made a lot of conciliation.

After that, I signed the informal document, then we exchange a handshake with each other.

From now on Shaldir will become our allies.

I finally got 4 cities on my side.

# Chapter 55

## The Army Stealthily Closes In

After establishing a secret agreement with Shaldir, for the first time in a while, I went to report to the Demon King.

“It looks like you have been quite busy, Vaito.”

“Yes, my lord. I was finishing up the side jobs.”

The demon lord gave a wry smile, as I answered honestly.

“I see.”

“Defeating the fake hero and exposing his identity, crushing the Northern Miraldia army’s morale, bringing the enemy magicians to our site, and establishing a secret pact with the trade city, Shaldir, are just side jobs, huh?”

“Well, yes...”

Compared to the demon lord’s objectives these are nothing but side jobs. I should be the one putting these in order.

The demon lord put the reports on the desk, finding it all to be very amusing.

“If these are side jobs, it’d seem that there are nothing but side jobs in the demon lord army. If you seek even greater tasks, I’m fine with abdicating the throne of the demon to you.”

“Please wait a minute, my lord! If you were to renounce your throne, I would also leave the demon lord army and return to the country-side.”

“You really are a man without greed.”

As the demon king laughed heartily, I couldn’t help but laugh as well.

Be at ease, Demon King's aide.

"Good job on the matter with the fake hero. And how is the issue of the fake saint coming along?"

"For the time being, I'm keeping her as my close aide. She is gentle and a good-natured person with no greater ambitions."

Lash's illusions are first class. They can be put to use in real battle situations. Although she is a coward, she's a good person at her core."

Demon King nodded, agreeing thoroughly.

"You're very skilled at converting our enemies. Compared to your skills in that field, I am lacking."

"You think too highly of me."

It's just that I cannot deal the final blow and somehow they end up sticking to me...

Well, since I have been praised, I kept quiet about it.

"Your abilities are even working on Shaldir's governor general."

"Actually, that has not been going so well either..."

I honestly told the Demon King about how I misjudged Alam's personality and ended up frightening him carelessly.

"I was not really good at persuading people in the first place. It's just that I was a former human being. I didn't quite notice how Alam was desperately pretending to be a tactician either."

"Hmm, I see."

The Demon King nodded.

"But Vaito, unlike others, the concept of acting to be oneself does not exist within the demon race to begin with. There is no one who can grasp the young man named Alan's true feelings."

Indeed that is true.

The demon tribe does not need to create a persona. Everything is decided by strength. Even being the same rank, one can have a vague understanding of who is stronger.

If the other party is stronger, it is fine doing what they tell you to do, and if they are weaker, you can do as you please. If needed, even protect them. That is all there is to it.

The Demon King started talking quietly.

“The human society is complicated. There are many points the demon race, who live according to a clear and simple philosophy, find hard to comprehend. For that reason, people like you and I are needed. However, there will be many hardships.”

The Demon King laughed wryly which made me laugh too in reflex.

“Not at all. Compared to the pressure the Demon King is going through, these hardships are nothing. Please leave it to me.”

Ah, this is bad. I again promised without due consideration.

The Demon King agreed to my words and said, “If the Governor General Alam sides with you, he’ll be turning the Miraldia Alliance into his enemy. When that happens, the true value of the demon lord army will be put to the test. Whether we can protect them or not.”

“Yes, my lord.”

That is certainly a concern.

After all, the human of this world recklessly kill their own kind... No, I probably think because of the peaceful times I’ve been through during my previous existence. I was so carefree that my judgement in that area might have grown lenient.

*“fufu...”*

Demon King was oddly happy and laughed. So I asked with a tilt of my head.

“What is the matter, my lord?”

“No, it’s nothing. Hmm, I see... hmm hmm.”

Why are you laughing so much, Demon King?

“Vaito.”

“Yes, my lord.”

“With the expansion of our territory, on we will need even greater military strength from now. My right hand man, I bestow five hundred knights of the Blue Scale Knights Order under your command.”

Speaking of the Blue Scale Knights Order, they’re the elites of the demon king’s army’s first division, lead by second-in-command Bartz.

“Y-you must not do that, Demon King! They are the shield which protects you, your majesty!”

But the Demon King shook his head.

“What they must protect is not me but the future of the demon race. And that does not lie here, it lies in Rune Height.”

The Demon King stood up and placed his hand on my shoulder.

“After consulting Bartz beforehand, as you are of the same first division, he willingly accepted.”

“But then your majesty’s protection will be...”

The Crimson Scale Knight Order, who rival the Blue Scale Knight Order in strength, were dispatched to the north.

Many of the first division infantry forces are in Grunstadt Castle but infantry alone does not provide a peace of mind.

“Don’t worry, Vaito. I will protect myself. If can’t even do that, I can’t call myself the Demon King.”

The Demon King laughed.



“Thanks to such skilled retainers, I have a lot of free time. If I don’t do things suited to a Demon King occasionally, I would start to feel uneasy.”

“...Then I shall humbly accept.”

I bowed deeply and respectfully accepted the Demon King’s kindness.

“My subordinates are also in high spirits being able to fight alongside Vaito, the one who killed the hero.”

Bartz said as we marched alongside.

“The one I defeated was a fake hero so I can’t really boast about it.”

“But it is also true that he was a threat to the second division. Well done defeating him.”

They were riding on bipedal dragon-like creatures called Kiryuu (mount dragons). Kiryuu cannot carry heavy loads but since they have two feet, they are able to make tight turns.

And their greatest forte is their nature.

Kiryuus are carnivores, so they’re natural enemies of horse riders. And thus, horse riders, instinctively do not like fighting against Kiryuus.

They can be called the anti-cavalry unit.

But they don’t feel comfortable being rode on by anything other than dragonewts.

Thanks to that, I had walk on foot. An ordinary horse cannot march together with them, so I could not ride a horse.

Even though I am also a second-in-command...

“You’ve been switching between grinning and feeling down. Is something wrong?”

“N-no. I’m glad to be able to fight alongside the Blue Scale Knight Order, but on the other hand, I am also keenly aware of the weight of the responsibility.”

As I said that, Bartz cracked a smile.

“That goes for us too. To be of more use to Vaito, we are focusing our energy at being more diligent.”

Very reliable.

However, my unit is getting even more disordered...

When I arrived at Rune Height with the Blue Scale Knights, the inujin (dog-man) corps were making a place for the kiryuu.

“Ah, it’s lord Vaito.”

“Welcome back, Vaito.”

“Uwaa, a real dragon!”

The place you guys are building right now is the place for these kiryuu to rest. So why are you so surprised?

“Lord Vaito, can we ride it too?”

“No, it’s impossible. Only dragonewts can ride it.”

“Ehh... that’s sad.”

Just go back and do your job already.

The exhaustion from the journey still remained when I reached Rune Height.

When I was thinking about what to do for the food for the dragonewt soldiers and the kiryuu, Irya came barging in.

“This is bad! The Miraldia Alliance army is marching towards Shaldir from the north!”

“What?! Who reported it?!”

“It’s a fast horse from a Rune Height trade merchant! The army consists of two thousand cavalry and two thousand infantry from the reserved army!”

“What about siege weapons?”

“It seems nobody saw siege weapons.”

“Since there are no siege weapons, I don’t think they’re seriously trying to attack Shaldir. Perhaps it’s some sort of political act.”

“But I had a bad feeling about it.”

I stood up.

“Call the werewolf corps, centaur corps, and the Blue Scale Knights Order. Alam might be in danger.”

# Chapter 56

## Trade City Shaldir Rescue Operation (Part 1)

“Now, let us head toward Shaldir to provide reinforcement!”

I shouted in front of the centaur soldiers, dragonewt cavalry and werewolf corps.

“However, in the eyes of the public, Shaldir is on the side of Miraldia. Because of that, this time, each corps will have to move differently from usual. Bear that in mind.”

“Roger!”

Blue Scale Knights Order, lead by aide Bartz, bowed along with Saches and centaur corps.

“Understood...”

Since the demon kind act rashly right away, I felt worried about it, but if it's them then it will probably be fine.

“All members of the werewolf corps, transform! Well then, GO!”

I transformed along with the werewolf corps and departed along with all the cavalries. Naturally, I was leading in front of them.

“Oi Vaito, you are the captain, so keep to the back”

I never thought the muscle-brained elder brother Gurney would say that to me.

Elder sister Fern also nodded.

“That's right. By the way, which team is in charge of Vaito for this week? “

“Aah, it's mine.”

Jerich and his team raised their hands.

What's going on?

"Wait a minute, what's with the "in charge of Vaito"? I did not hear anything about this."

"It is to guard and keep a look out for you so that you do not run straight ahead into the battlefield. We will not accept any objection"

I am the captain of the werewolf corps, you know. Don't decide that by yourself.

"Now, now, captain. Just give orders from a safe place."

"If you die, we will have to return to that isolated village and dig potatoes again, after al."

"Besides, if you do that, what will we say to the Demon Lord? Consider it a little."

Before I knew it, everyone had started worrying about me...

Then Jerich ran up and tapped my shoulder.

"Don't worry captain. We will protect you."

"Even with four of us combined, we may be weaker than captain, isn't it?"

"Well, we can do something even if it's just becoming his shield."

The werewolves in Jerich corps were laughing comfortably.

If I try to do anything reckless, then these guys will be even more reckless in trying protect to me. However, that will put my subordinates in danger.

Ah, that's right.

This is why the Demon King does not go to the frontline.

Our opponents this time were two thousand soldiers and cavalry. On the other hand, we had one thousand soldiers.

We can't win if we fight strike from the front, but of course, we will not fight normally.

It's war after all.

"Woddo corps, go north and stretch the net. Absolutely do not engage them."

"Yosh, my arms are itching to fight."

A former mercenary white werewolf laughed happily.

And like that four werewolves broke away from the formation and disappeared into a cloud of dust.

Because there is no GPS or smartphones in this world, it's difficult to determine the enemy's position. However, if you are able to do it, you can immediately dominate them.

Since there were infantry units in the alliance army along with cavalry, they had to march at infantry speed. If they only had cavalry, then we would have needed to change our plan.

On the other hand, everyone with us were able to march at the speed of cavalry. All one thousand of them aligned.

However, by the time Rune height got informed about the Alliance army approaching, the Alliance army should have moved a considerable distance. The news does not travel based on real-time, after all.

I could only hope that the Allied army had not arrived at Shaldir.

"But Vaito-dono, is this strategy really going to work?"

Aide Bartz anxiously asked me.

"If governor general Alam betrays us, we will be caught between a pincer attack."

There was also that probability. But I replied, "If that happens, it can't be helped. We will use our speed advantage and leave at once. Also, what we do will not change either way."

"That is true"

I didn't think Alam will betray me.

If the fervent speech back then was an act to deceive me, he must be a really great actor. If that is the case, then he must have been able to manage the relationship with Miraldia from the very beginning.

So it will probably be fine. But just in case, I also prepared for it.

"I see it!"

I heard someone's voice from the centaur corps, which was in the lead. Soon after that, a similar voice came from other corps as well.

The walls of Shaldir were faintly visible through the hazy cloud of sand in the distance.

There was no sign of the Miraldia army yet.

Looks like we made it in time.

On top of a hill a little further from there, I ordered the werewolf corps.

"Werewolf corps, undo your transformation! Standby here! Hamam corps, go to Shaldir!"

The werewolf corps returned to their human form and squat down on the spot.

Hamam had visited Shaldir several times before and he was an acquaintance of Alam.

Let's contact Alam first.

He must be surprised to see the Demon King's army.

"Centaur corps go around the eastern gate vicinity! Blue Scale Knights Order, lineup by the west gate!"

Shaldir is a trade city, but it can't be helped if the castle gate is only at the east and west.

There was a lake at the north side so it can't be helped, but there is also a reason for why they didn't make a gate toward the south.

They had limited guards, so they did not have enough guards to station if they increased the number of gates.

Therefore, it was possible to temporarily isolate Shaldir from the outside by merely blockading the two gates.

“Saches, do not engage them unless they betray us.”

Hearing my word, the silent centaur soldiers nodded.

“I know. It is the skill of a true warrior to ascertain not only when to fight but also when they must fight. I will lead the soldiers without any problem.”

“As usual, you talk so well when going into fight.”

“Ah... is that so...”

While blushing a little, Saches lead his subordinate and galloped on.

“Then, I will also be on my way.”

Aide Barts gallantly rode his dragon and ran along with his subordinates.

I saw how gallant the appearance of the famous Blue Scale Knights Order was, just like in the rumors.

I, along with the werewolf corps, observed the situation.

The gate in Shaldir was closed, and the blue scale knight order surround the west gate. They really prepared the formation to attack at any time, and they didn't move.

They didn't shoot any arrows from the gates. It was going well so far.

We just had to wait for the reserve army to arrive.

After a while, Hamam's corps came back.

“As expected, it seems Alam didn't know anything about it. He was surprised.”

As I thought.



Hamam continued.

“When I asked about the Miraldia army’s intention, he said they might want to forcibly station their troops.”

I see they didn’t care about what the governor general wanted.

However, if two thousand soldiers came intruding, I wonder if they would have had enough places to sleep or enough food to eat.

Well, that is none of my concern though...

On the other hand, a strange report arrived from a member of Woddo corps.

“Miraldia Allied army confirmed. It consists of three hundred cavalry and five hundred infantry units. The enemy are marching in formation and the cavalry is on the lead. According to old man Woddo, it seems to be heavy cavalry and light infantry.”

“Does the number not fit somehow?”

The werewolves just looked at each others’ faces.

There were two major possibilities.

The first was that the remaining twelve hundred troops exist and there was a gap in the march, or a possibility of a detached force waiting to ambush.

The other possibility was that there was a simple mistake in counting.

The one who brought in the report was not a soldier, but a civilian trader. It is not always possible to accurately grasp the number of a marching army from the highway.

The worst scenario would be that the remaining twelve hundred were going towards Rune Height.

“If that’s the case, then I can’t relax here,” I thought. If push comes to shove, Lash could take command of the skeleton soldiers, but she was an amateur as a soldier.

Should I go back?

I was worried, but I needed to organize the situation.

The enemies were fewer in number than us right now. In addition, they were in marching formation. In that case, we would not lose if we were to fight as it is.

The only possibility of us losing will arise if Alam betrayed us.

In that event, around three hundred soldiers of Shaldir will come flank us.

Due to the vagueness of situation, I could not grasp the direction the battle would go towards.

However, we can just run away if Alam betrays us. That's why I picked the corps that enabled us to run away and shake off the cavalry.

More importantly, we must protect Alam if the Miraldia army tries to do anything strange. If we fail here, there is also a possibility that the secret agreement could be destroyed.

This is the time to fight.

When needed, I will rampage along with the werewolf corps.

I resolved my mind and ordered the werewolf corps.

"The centaur corps and Blue Scale Knights Order wait for further orders. Werewolf corps disguised as refugees will go towards Shaldir. The Jerich corps and I will join the Woddo corps."

"Roger!"

Everyone's voice came together.

I raised my voice as to not lose to the pressure of having over a thousand lives under my command.

"Let's go!"

## Chapter 57

### Trade City Shaldir Rescue Operation (Last Part)

I, along with my escort, Jerich corps and Woddo corps, silently watched over the situation of the war from a hill which stood slightly away from the highway.

There were three hundred cavalry units, and when I looked more carefully, I became certain that they were heavy cavalry. The horses were also wearing the armor.

On the other hand, there were five hundred infantry in lightweight equipment. They wore expensive chainmail and their weapons, which I could confirm, were bows, short spears, and swords.

“That’s very strange.”

Hearing my whisper, Jerich also tilted his head.

“That’s strange, captain. These guys are dressed as if they’re saying “We spent a lot of money, you know?”

“You also think so?”

They might be able to capture Shaldir with that number but I did not understand where they were planning to use their costly equipment.

It’s fine for the infantry to use chainmail, but I feel it will not be as effective for the price against the bows during castle seige.

Woddo jii-san, who was accustomed to the battlefield, leisurely whispered.

“They have probably come here to scare Shaldir a little. It happens quite a lot, showing off army to make better negotiation.”

“I see, but to use such precious iron... Oh captain, look!”

Jerich grabbed my shoulder.

I observed the situation. The Infantry was marching while surrounding a carriage.

It was probably an prisoner carriage, made from thick planks and iron plates.

“They are probably looking to restrain Alam as well.”

I was not sure if they were being serious or just appealing, but I understood their purpose.

I’ll prepare the dragon ball... which is also known as the signal ball.

“If those guys enter by crossing the lake, we’ll attack at once.”

“Roger, captain.”

The Miraldia army who were going south would collide into the Shaldir army north of the lake.

And thus they began to move to the west along the shores of the lake.

If they went by the east shore, the soldiers would be exposing their right side to Shaldir but if they go by the west then they would expose their left side.

From that side, the heavy cavalry shield would be most effective. Looks like they are being wary about it.

At that time, the movement of Miraldia army became slower.

It seems they noticed that the demon king army had surrounded Shaldir’s gate.

“Now!”

“Okay, captain!”

Jerich launched the signal ball.

It was the signal to attack.

At that moment, the Blue Scale Knights Order, which had been lined up at the east gate, changed their direction in unison.

The Kiryuu, which the dragonewts rode, formed a row as if they were a single living being. The level of their skill was frightening.

Miraldia's army quickly responded to it. As expected of veterans.

Their heavy cavalry tried to reorganize their formation.

But on their left was the lake. They could not spread out.

Because there was nowhere else to go, they spread out greatly to the right. They lined up horizontally in a single line. It looked like they were going to assault with the cavalry's spears.

However, the Blue Scale Knights Order did not give them the time to do anything.

They nimbly moved and killed the heavy cavalry who were still not done changing their formation.

Although the bipedal Kiryuu was inferior in charging, they were far superior in maneuverability compared to the warhorses.

Moreover, the fangs and body odor invoked fear in the horses. The armors on the horses wouldn't prove to be of much use against these.

"Ooh..."

"That's amazing!"

I can understand their amazement.

The war was really one-sided.

The heavy cavalry who brought long spears as a demonstration was rushed into melee combat before they could form a row.

They drew their swords hastily, but this time, their horses started panicking.

In addition, aide Bartz moved the corps into 'formation that cornered the heavy cavalry into the lake.

For the normal cavalry, the water was not that deep. But if the heavy cavalry fell from their horses, then they will certainly drown to their death. They can't afford to enter the water.

Moreover, the horses were on the verge of panic.

At this point, the command of the heavy cavalry completely fell into chaos.

Some who wanted to create some distance between them by advancing into the water

Some who decided to turn around and resolved to fight back.

Some who escaped towards Shaldir.

Some who tried to escape towards the back of the army.

The heavy cavalry who resolved to fight met a miserable fate.

"I am the Blue Knight Bartz! I will be an opponent for those who do not want to be a disgrace to their military fame!"

Aide Bartz drew his sword and declared this with a loud voice. He was a master in double sword technique.

He wielded his two katanas while riding on his Kiryuu and took out all the heavy cavalry near him.

Despite the fact that his sword was light, his blows seemed to be terribly heavy. Their armors were shattered and crushed until they fell from their horses.

The number of the unburdened horses around the aide Bartz's was steadily increasing. It was like a blank space in the battlefield.

It would feel like his usual gentle leader appearance was a lie watching this.

But Miraldia army didn't stay silent.

The following infantry corps were preparing their short spears and started to surround aide Bartz and his corps. Now the one who was being driven toward the lake was the Blue Scale Knights Order.

However, the leadership of aide Bartz was brilliant.

“Turn around!”

Taking advantage of the maneuverability skills of the Kiryuus to the fullest, the Blue Scale Knights Order was withdrawn to Shaldir. They were able to escape from being surrounded.

And this time, the heavy cavalry who ran away to Shaldir were being annihilated without mercy.

The remaining heavy cavalry at the infantry side witnessed this and lost their nerve.

Their friendly troops decreased in number before their eyes and in order to save their allied army, they reorganized their formation and started to charge.

The battlefield moved from the lake to the west gate of Shaldir. As to not be noticed, we chased behind them.

“Let’s move.”

“Yes”

As far as I could see, the remaining number of heavy cavalry were only over a hundred and the others were either dead or injured. The ones who got strayed from their units could not fight right away. They had taken devastating damage.

Meanwhile, the five hundred infantry soldiers of the Miraldia army was still in good condition. It looked like the enemy decided to fight with infantry as their main force. Even though their specialization was a short spear, the cavalry was a nasty opponent for them.

However, at this time, the sound of the hooves began to roar.

“Proud warriors, show them our way of fighting which will not shame our ancestor spirit!”

“Ooooooh!”

Five hundred centaurs from the east gate, came from the south side of Shaldir. They

sought and charged the enemy while shooting arrows.

They immediately regrouped with the Blue Scale Knights Order.

Unlike the horses, the centaurs were not afraid of Kiryuus, so it was possible for them to form a formation with them. Now there were a thousand soldiers.

Because of this reinforcement, the infantry's courage was crushed, as expected. Their formation began to collapse.

With double the number of cavalry than the enemies, it was no longer a fight. It would have been different if they were armed with long spears and big shields but with light equipment, they would only fall prey.

Even a volley of arrows came raining down upon them.

On top of that, they could not run away from horses on foot.

If they desperately keep resisting like this then they will get annihilated.

At this time, Shaldir's west gate opened.

Along with the loud sound of a trumpet, fully armed infantry came out in formation. They raised up a battle flag of the Guards ' army.

Longswords and big shields, all in a dense formation. It resembled the phalanx of the Spartan army.

The number was around three hundred, but it was quite a threat for the cavalry.

Furthermore, they took a shape that would pierce the back of demon king army.

"Now! Save our brethren!"

Owing to the hearing sense of the werewolves, the sound of Alam could be heard from far away. He was so eager.

Shaldir should have only one hundred twenty people, but three hundred soldiers of guard corps were slowly approaching toward demon king army. Is that okay, to take out all you have like that?



Meanwhile, the five hundred infantry soldiers of the Miraldia army rebuilt their formation to be protected by the heavy cavalry.

Because of that formation, it became unfavorable for demon king army.

“Yosh, it is about time.”

I ordered Jerich to launch the signal bullet. The signal bullet was certainly faster than a messenger. I can't let go of it anymore, can I...?

The centaur corps and the Blue Scale Knights Order saw the retreat order, then immediately withdrew from the battlefield. The majority of the opponents was infantry and the remaining cavalry riders were also wearing heavy equipment so they were slow. It was impossible for them to pursue.

In a cloud of sand, the demon king army vanished into the direction of Rune Height.

Yosh, it's going according to the plan for now.

I'll leave the rest to Alam.

# Chapter 58

## The Shine of Disaster

As I waited for the werewolf troop to return, I observed the scenario of the castle gate with a telescope.

The scattered worn out heavy cavalry units were gathering up from here and there. Some were staggering, having lost their precious horses.

The war flag, which had gotten all wet in the lake, was damply dangling.

It was hard to even look at these elites, who had prided themselves in their dignity, now all tattered and lifeless.

The infantry were all uninjured but they were laying on the ground, completely exhausted. They had probably prepared to die.

Before long, Alam walked up to them, meeting the leader of the heavy cavalry, who was also walking towards him, halfway.

They were too far, so I could not listen to their conversation but I could see the leader lowering his head many times.

“Looks like it went well.”

I said, as the returning werewolf troop were posing triumphantly.

“That was an easy victory!”

“We did nothing at all, though!”

“We wish we could have gone wild a bit, too!”

It seems that they were actually pretending to be happy, and were actually expressing their disappointment to me.

“I had no choice, okay?! If Alam has truly betrayed us, then it will be your turn!”

I had completely believed in Alam but with all these lives entrusted to me as the leader, I cannot afford to be so naive.

And so, if Alam had betrayed us, my plan was to make the werewolf troops, who were concealed in that confusion, start a fire in the city.

If there's a fire in the city, Alam would definitely prioritise it and retreat his army.

After all, his city is much more important than the northern people.

As a result, one could say I was worried for nothing but, it is always best to be in a situation where you do not need to use your trump card.

Afterwards, we observed the situation in front of the castle gate.

It looked like both Alam and the commander of the Miraldia standing army had opened up to each other.

If something happened, I was planning on sending the werewolf troop but it looked like that was not necessary.

“Alright, let's go back at once. And celebrate our victory with meat! From now on it's the diplomat's turn.”

“Yosshaa!”

“Yay! Meat!”

“Even though we did nothing at all!”

Give it a rest, you guys.

This time around, I intentionally gave Alam the chance to betray us.

If he had seriously thought of doing it, he could have easily done so.

But he chose to not betray and go through things just as I had imagined.

He might plan on double-crossing at a more major situation but, considering his personality, the chances of that are quite low.

At a glance, he would look like a strategist but he is relatively passionate inside.

Later, after confirming the Miraldia army had withdrawn, I headed towards Shaldir again.

“Thanks to you, we’re saved, Vito-dono.”

Alam welcomed us with a wholehearted smile.

“It looked like they were planning to put him under questioning at first but after the recommendation of the commander that became unnecessary.”

The commander could not restrain his saviour after all.

And as he came to their rescue at that point, it clearly showed them that Alam had no intention of supporting the demon king army.

“And to think that you would also bring in your private army. I surely thought it would just be the 120 guard troops.”

“That would have been too low to change the war situation, right? It would be unnatural for the demon king army to retreat because of it.”

Alam said while laughing, escorting me to the guest room.

“Also, it seems like they will tolerate the private army I had been hiding considering that event. They will agree that it is a necessary force for defence.”

“Glad to hear that.”

I do not quite know how the conversation went but it looked like Alam spoke quite passionately of his justice and morale.

The Miraldia army commander was also a passionate man so they hit it off very well.

He was completely agreeing with Alam on everything at the end, even going so far as to make promises and say ‘Shaldir does not have enough guards. I will negotiate with

the higher-ups about it’.

In Alam’s case, it looks like he will be able to plot even better with his natural attitude rather than trying to use tricks.

Alam straightened his posture and faced me.

“I am immensely grateful to you for saving Shaldir from this crisis. If we look at the root of this problem, my poor diplomacy was the cause, so thank you very much.”

“You have a really straight-forward personality.”

It looked like he was trying really hard at first but Alam is not suited for this sort of acting. He is the type whose real intention can be seen easily.

And probably the type who can move people with his real personality rather than by hiding anything.

“The demon king army holds sufficient military strength and also keeps promises. And above all, does not kill without reason. I hope you have understood that with this fight.” I told Alam.

The enemy’s heavy cavalry posed a threat so we had to thoroughly knock them out but, even still, the number of soldiers killed in war were only a few dozen.

There were many soldiers who fell off their horse or were rendered useless, therefore there was no need to kill needlessly in that situation.

Alam agreed strongly with what I had said.

“Yes. From now on, I will cooperate with the demon king army and appeal for the co-existence of the demons and humans not only to Shaldir, but also to different cities of the southern area.”

I wonder if it will go that smooth.

“We of the southern region are the descendants of the colonists who had crossed the sea to settle here. We have not forgotten how it feels to be at a new place. Even if its co-existence with the demons, I am sure it will work out well.”

Alam said confidently.

This guy... he is surely very passionate.

After taking our leave from Alam, we returned to Rune Height. With this, Rune Height has Bernhainen and Tuban at north and Shaldir at east as shields. The preparations for the south are not yet ready but the possibility of them attacking with a number equal to ours is quite low.

It looked like I could devote myself to domestic affairs and be at ease for a while.

But that very night, I was woken up.

“Commander, the leader of the Stillmoon faith is requesting for a meeting...”

The werewolf on duty had come to wake me up as I slept soundly.

“What do you want in the middle of the night...?”

I would have liked them to wait till the morning.

While I was thinking that, my subordinate said,

“I am told that it is about a premonition of a serious affair of the demon king army”

“Nn?”

The leader of Stillmoon faith, eh? I guess it is the astrologer Miti then.

I have not met her since the religious meeting but what does she mean by a serious affair of the demon king army?

She is an influential person in Rune Height, so I decided I would meet her.

I tried to hold back my drowsiness as I escorted Miti to the office.

“I am sorry to bother you with this in the middle of the night but, the arrangement of the stars informed of the hero’s appearance.”

Ah, so it is about that.

“I am sorry to say this even though you came all the way to inform us but, if it is about the hero then, I have already defeated him. Although he was a fake...”

“No, this is not about ‘Hero Renhalf’. It is about the real hero.”

Miti informed me with a serious expression.

“Just moments before, a zodiac was brightly shining at north. I think it would be best if you send a messenger to affirm the situation.”

I was hesitating on what to do but, I have heard quite a lot about her skills as an astrologer. She also seems to be famous in the southern area.

This world’s astrology is a real premonition magic. The more skilled the astrologer, the more accurate it is.

As a magic user myself, I should listen to her opinion as a specialist.

“If it is making you say that much, I am sure it is nothing trivial. I understand; I will investigate it at once.”

If I am not wrong, master should be staying at Bernhainen tonight.

I should despatch someone from the centaur troop and make master check up on the northern front line.

As this world does not have phones nor mails, it takes time to transmit information.

But even still, it is quite odd for a pious person to inform the demons about the appearance of the hero.

“But, Miti-dono, isn’t the hero supposed to be your ally?”

To which, Miti shook her head, and said smiling,

“I owe you for the religious meeting. And also...”

“Also?”

“Things are good for the Stillmoon faith in Rune Height as it is. I like the southern

werewolf rather than the northern hero.”

That kinda made me happy.

“Thank you, Miti-dono. I will not forget this favour.”

After paying my respect to her, I immediately sent a messenger.



# Chapter 59

## Collapse of the 2nd division

The centaur messenger I had sent in the middle of the night was taking quite a long time to return.

Finally, at noon of the next day, the centaur returned.

“You took quite a while; Did something happen?”

As I asked the young centaur, he answered with a pale face,

“It’s terrible... division leader Tiberit has...”

“What happened?”

“...has died in battle...”

Are you kidding me?

That titan who is even taller than castle walls, that veteran soldier?

“You’re sure it is not some sort of a mistake?”

“It was reported by Gomoviroa-sama, therefore, the chances of it being so are really low...”

So master went and confirmed it herself.

“Wait, is the 3rd division leader all right?!”

“Ye-yes. She just returned this morning. She was all exhausted so aide Mereen has been nursing her.”

It seems like something beyond my imagination had occurred.

According to master, it looked like the 2nd division was attacked while they were stationed in the agriculture city, Behhen.

Naturally, division leader Tiberit had confronted the enemy but then, a citizen soldier appeared.

And at the end of the intense battle, they had slayed division leader Tiberit.

She went on further saying, that it turned into a battlefield of hell.

The demons fight and follow a strong leader but, when that leader is defeated, they fall into a state of panic. One would not comprehend this feeling if they are not a demon. That in itself just goes to show how much they are relying on the leader.

The reason why the demon king or I do not go to the front line is precisely because of this.

Having lost their leader in battle, the second division had started to panic.

For the Miraldia army, it probably seemed like a bonus round. They could not fight nearly as well without their leader.

And in the blink of an eye, the soldiers of the 2nd division were defeated.

However, master, who had come running into the battlefield, used fog magic to cover the whole area. It is of the same type which drifts outside the Glenstadt castle.

Master ordered the 2nd division to retreat and barely managed to avoid total annihilation. At that time, master had spotted a soldier, on whom the fog magic had no effect. Only around that one soldier, the fog was clearing up.

For master's magic to not work on someone, that person cannot be anyone other than the hero.

"Did anyone go to report to the demon king?"

"The 2nd division has started to retreat aiming towards the Glenstadt castle. I sent a messenger to Bernhainen just in case."

"Got it, thank you. Please rest for a while."

I immediately called all of the leading members. Airia and the leaders of all the squads.

This turned into a serious matter.

Now, when the 3rd division leader is in a lethargic state and the 2nd division leader has died in battle, the demon king army's command has been entrusted to the vice commanders of each division.

"Vaito-dono, let's return to Glenstadt at once."

Aide Bartz said with a calm tone but, one could feel his unexpressed strong feeling of impatience.

"At the very least, permit us, the Blue Scale Knights' Order, to return. We will protect the Demon king."

However, I could not approve of it.

If our opponent is the hero, no matter how elite squad we send, it will be of no use.

Even if 500 of the Blue Scale Knights fight till annihilation, it would do as little as to tire the hero a bit.

The opponent is like the demon king of the human side. Right from the moment Tiberit division leader was defeated, our chances of winning were reduced to zero.

Tiberit division leader was strong enough to go up against all of the Blue Scale knights alone.

"Bartz-dono, I cannot give you permission for that. Every squad under my command will devote themselves to Rune Height's defence."

"But..."

"Against the hero, we cannot afford to exhaust anymore military strength. And also, the demons' future is at stake in this town. If we neglect defending this town, we will surely get scolded by the demon king."

"Airia-dono, I will temporarily entrust all right to command the squads under the demon king army to you. You, being a human, can surely deal with it calmly. Lash will

command the skeleton soldiers.”

“I-I understand. Umm, what will you be doing, Vaito-dono?”

There will probably be opposing opinions if I say this but, I resolved myself and declared,

“As the representative of all you here, I will go to protect the demon king. I am a magician, therefore I can surely protect the demon king even without engaging in direct combat.”

As I finished saying, the room became silent. Technical officer Kurtz, aide Bartz, the centaur troop leader, even Faan-onee-san looked at me in silence.

As expected, was it unfair?

Before long, Kurtz started talking.

“There does not... seem to be any other way. Even if anyone else returned, I doubt they would be of any use.”

As Kurtz said with a bitter expression, his little brother Bartz also agreed.

“Unfortunately, it is as brother just said. Vaito-dono can also use healing magic. If someone were to be beside the demon king, Vaito-dono would be the most reassuring.”

“And also, Vaito is absurdly strong... Now, when the division leaders are not present, Vaito is the strongest...”

It seems like among them, I am considered as the strongest after the demon king and the division leaders.

They are probably overestimating my magic. I shall let it be like that for now. Forgive me.

At the end, Faan-onee-san gently said,

“I will look after the werewolf and inujin squad so you don’t need to worry, okay? You must definitely not die, Vaito-kun.”

“Yes, I will try my best.”

After I entrusted everyone their jobs, I immediately started preparing for the journey.

It is already past noon and no recent news have been delivered.

It would probably take 2-3 days to reach Glenstadt castle on foot but if I transformed and kept running without rest, I could probably reach there by tomorrow. I can take detours through routes where humans or horses cannot cross.

I brought out the old leather cover magic book from my office drawer. It was the textbook I was using during my training.

As I went through the marked pages, I confirmed the spells written there once again.

It would be nice if I do not have to use this...

# Chapter 60

## The fallen, and the ones about to fall

There was a fog surrounding the Glenstadt castle which did not let the humans come close. I carefully walked closer to the castle.

Fortunately, it looked like the castle was still safe. The guards saw my face and immediately opened up the gate.

However, the moment I stepped inside the castle, I realized all over again that the 2nd division was annihilated.

There were demons and giants resting their body on the courtyard. Most of them were not injured.

At a glance, it looked like the damage was low but that was probably not the case.

Most likely, the ones who had been injured could not return alive.

Their decreased number and pensive expressions indicated that quite clearly.

As I was going through them, I asked about the situation.

In the 2nd division, the ones I feel most comfortable talking with are the small demons. They have a small build, so-so magical mana and somewhat good intellect. They are quite weak.

In other words, the goblins.

“I came rushing after I heard that Tiberit division leader had died in battle. Tell me the whole situation.”

As I said that, they looked at each other and replied,

“Boss, died... Killed by one human. After that, a lot more human came. Killed many comrades.”

“What was the human who killed the division leader like?”

“Normal human. He was a man. Wearing normal clothes, with a sword and shield.”

I do not understand.

However, I did understand how they did not want to stand out like the fake hero.

“Is everyone here all that is left of the 2nd division?”

“I do not know. Holy mother used fog magic. Everyone got separated. Thanks to holy mother’s helmet, I was able to come back.”

When I looked at him carefully, I noticed he was wearing the helmet master had made. They called it the ‘Spirit of the war dead helmet’ in the 2nd division.

“Zuku, Gyobel, Gubuf... and a lot other died. I could hear the voice of the dead. I ran towards it. And met red dragonoids. They saved me.”

The Crimson Knights’ Order of the 1st division, I see. So they were able to assist the retreat as planned.

As I watched over the situation in the courtyard, I noticed they were sitting as groups differentiated by their tribe. And among them, there were a few wearing that helmet.

It looks like the helmet master made helped them to escape through the fog.

But if I assume the ones in the courtyard to be everyone remaining, then the 2nd division can not function anymore.

Even the largest group of Yokai troop only had a few hundred remaining. If I am not wrong, they had close to two to three thousand members at the beginning of the war.

The giants or large-scale demons, who take retreat as an insult, were at an even tragic state. The giants only had a few members remaining so they also cannot work as a troop anymore.

Which reminds me, I did not see the beast tribe.

“Oi, where is the beast troop? You know, the one with Dogg. The self-proclaimed

genius.”

As I asked them, they looked down sadly and said,

“Dogg-sama, is not here anymore...”

“What did you say?”

“ He said ‘*Protecting the weak is the responsibility of the strong*’. He fought with the humans. I couldn’t see him in the fog. And then it became silent.”

It seems like the goblins knew what happened afterwards.

They sat silently, among them there were a few who were sobbing.

I see. So he had that kind of a part to him as well...

It would be cruel to ask them further questions.

“I understand. The 1st division is protecting this place. Rest well.”

“Thank you, Vaito-sama.”

Looking at how disheartened they are, it would be impossible to expect them to participate in any more battles.

It would be better if I consider the whole 2nd division unable to fight when strategizing hereafter.

As I hurriedly entered the castle, a Crimson Scaled Knight came rushing toward me. It was Shure.

“Vaito-dono, thank you for coming.”

“I am glad that you are safe, Shure-dono.”

That is good, I should inform Aide Bartz later. It seemed like he was worrying quite a lot.

I asked her about the situation while walking.



It seems like the Miraldia army rushed into the castle gates of Behhen after Tiberit division leader was defeated by the hero.

The Behhen castle walls were repaired but as the 2nd division did not know anything about castle siege battles, their strategy was full of flaws.

Even if they tried holding the castle, the hero was already inside.

Everyone in the 2nd division did try to retreat with the help of the fog but, the unfortunate ones who had encountered the hero or the Miraldia army were annihilated.

“The fog had surrounded Behhen but there were a few troops who came chasing the 2nd division. My squad exterminated them and escorted the remaining member of the 2nd division to Glenstadt.”

“Well done. If it weren’t for Shure-dono, the 2nd division might have been completely destroyed by now.”

When I praised her efforts, she shook her head and said with a regretting tone,

“No... I could do nothing but retreat with the 2nd division. Against the terrifying fighting spirit of hero’s army, we could not afford to stand and fight. If they advance onto here, we can not avoid having a hard fight.”

I do understand her concerns but, it is highly unlikely they will be able to pin down this location.

The Glenstadt castle is deep inside the forest. Unlike the time when the castle was under humans, no roads remain which lead here.

And on top of all that, there is the thick fog. Not only does this fog obstruct their vision, it also eats into human bodies. The effect was not as high in Behhen but if the humans walk in this fog even for half a day, they will surely collapse.

The problem is the hero.

If it is the real hero, I doubt even master’s magic would have any kind of effect.

“I am a magician so I know that it will be difficult for the humans to be in this fog for a

long period of time. The hero singlehandedly will be the threat.”

After I told her that, Aide Shure pondered for a while and agreed,

“I understand. I will have the Knights’ Order patrol the area in squads. I will order them to avoid battle completely.”

Maybe because she had gone through that battle and saw the 2nd division’s condition up close, she had become even more cautious.

Feeling relieved, I said to her,

“I understand. I shall lend a hand as well.”

After bidding Aide Shure farewell, I went to meet the demon king.

As always, the demon king was in the office, looking deep in thought.

“Vaito, you went to the trouble of coming here.”

“It’s a serious matter for the demon king, after all.”

“You should have just devoted yourself to Rune Height’s domestic affairs without needlessly worrying about me. Well, you did well coming here.”

The demon king said while wearing a bitter smile, offering me a chair.

I had worried the demon king would be depressed after Tiberit, one who has been member of the demon king army since it’s creation, died in battle. But it looks like the demon king is holding up.

“So Tiberit has also departed for the afterworld, eh... He was once an outlaw, laying waste in the dragonoid’s territory.” the demon king said, staring at one point of the desk lost in thought.

“But when I went to subjugate him, he surrendered without even fighting. He looked like a man with a short temper but he could also catch onto the true nature of things.”

Ah, this is bad.

The demon king has indeed, taken quite some damage.

“With this, the only one remaining alive from the starting of the demon king army is Gomoviroa... I must live for their part as well.”

“Yes, please guide the demon king army, for the ones who have departed, as well for the ones remaining.”

I encouraged the demon king, and continued,

“Even a hero could not possibly find Glenstadt castle that easily. Please, in this period, finish up the preparations.”

After staring at my face for a while, the demon king murmured,

“Not asking to strengthen the defence... that is very much like you.”

“After all, it would be useless no matter how many of us went up against him.”

The one called the demon king, is equal to the sun which appears above the land. There is no way a normal human can win.

And similarly, the hero as well, is a being of completely different nature than the normal human. It would have been a different matter if the hero was in the middle of his growth but, otherwise, normal demons cannot stand up against him.

Of course, I do not plan on fighting the hero head on. I will be able to buy some time but I will definitely get killed.

If that is the case then I might as well buy time in different way to help the demon king finish the preparations.

My job would probably be to provide medical treatment after the fight is over.

If both of them fought, surely the winning party would not be left unscathed.

# Chapter 61

## The Annihilator's Footsteps

For the past two days, I waited for the hero to appear at Glenstadt Castle. I'm worried about Rune Height as well, but I'm the only magician who can use healing magic in the castle.

I plan to change shifts with my master once he recovers, but by that time if the hero comes by I have no choice but to heal my master immediately.

Meanwhile, I received a strange report.

"In the past two days, someone killed a squad of three on patrol." Aide Shure carried a serious expression.

The x-mark on the map was slowly approaching Glenstadt Castle.

"I can only think that we are going to meet the hero soon." As I said that, Aide Shure nodded in agreement.

"I was given strict orders to avoid the battle and give top priority to the report, so it appears that those who could not escape have been killed."

*It's just like a horror movie. If there is an encounter in the fog, the hero has a chance to ambush, which could be a big advantage for him.*

"Vaito-dono's troops who participated each had four horses. Furthermore, having two horses in the front and two in the back, if either one was attacked, the troops were told to have one withdraw and report back. Even so..."

*Listening to the sound of the cavalry behind the scenes, I could only think that those troops were not able to escape.*

*How dreadful.*

"Vaito-dono also seems to have seen the dead bodies."

*I saw them. I thought they might still be breathing, but they were definitely dead.*

“Each of the cavalries were cut with a knife; it had a unique cut that shouldn’t be mistaken for just any old sword.”

“What do you think?”

*There is a possibility that they used a large weapon, but I had no feeling of the “heaviness” like in the drawings of the axes and swords. For that reason, I believe he might have a razor.*

Despite my disbelief, I answered in this way.”This is my guess as being the best magician of this time, but it seems to resemble the magical power of the hero.”

“I see... Then it looks like something that is impossible for us to deal with.”

Withstanding Aide Shure’s frustrated look, I prepare to tell her.”Seeing how badly the last squad was defeated, the hero is most likely already quite close to Glenstadt. Stopping the patrols would be dangerous.”

“I agree. Let’s avoid the battle and stay alert in the castle.” Aide Shure said, and continued her talk.

“All the soldiers of the 2<sup>nd</sup> division were ordered to fall back an hour ago.”

“Good idea. I know roughly where the hero is, so we won’t have to encounter him and should be able to escape.”

*The 2<sup>nd</sup> division has no chance anymore. Because their chief was defeated, they no longer have the confidence nor courage to continue fighting. Moreover, they must be exhausted from the long fight.*

*Since the 2<sup>nd</sup> division dissolved, the only combatants in the castle are the dragonoids. Five hundred Crimson Scaled Knights vs. 3000 soldiers. Plus, there are 12 guards able to aide.*

*Each of their three aides were commanding 1000 soldiers at a time, but I consulted the Demon Lord, and forced them to retreat.*

*If my calculations are correct, it shouldn’t matter whether they have 3000 or 30,000*

*soldiers.*

It was the Crimson Scaled Knights who could make it until the end.

“Please let us take refuge momentarily outside the castle.”

“We cannot do that. Do you not serve our Majesty?” Aide Shure asserted in a dignified tone.

*How troubling... it's hard to swallow, but despite how many Crimson Scaled Knights there are, they look like mere bundles of hay compared to the hero and his companions.*

*Even if I told Aide Shure, she most likely would not take back her words of refusing refuge.*

Then came the Demon Lord clad in armor, accompanied by his black scaled guards.

“Shure, it looks like you have been troubling Vaito.” He talked to her with a soft voice, as if it were his own daughter.

Shure straightened her back, and spoke nervously. “N-no, I have been dutifully carrying out my orders as an a-aide!”

“I am enamored by your loyalty. However, I have been hearing differently, Shure.” The Demon Lord bent down from his tall position, and gazed directly into Shure’s eyes.

“According to Gomoviroa and Vaito, the hero is getting strong enough to match my level. If that is true, I will have to beat him using a carefully planned strategy. No matter how excellent you and your Crimson Scaled Knights are, are you certain you will be able to win?”

*Of course. Even if our entire army was challenged, it would most likely be our Demon Lord's victory.*

*Destroying humanity in general is easy enough for the Demon Lord. Even though I don't really have the desire to do that.*

Gently persuaded, Shure hung her head in shame. Then in a painful voice, she answered.

“I agree with you... I...”

“Good, that’s what I expect. I am proud of your loyalty and military prowess. Therefore, do not lose because of these petty trifles.”

The Demon Lord called the hero’s invasion petty.

I’m sure the Demon Lord knows it is not that easy, but he expects Shure to keep herself safe.

It looks like Shure finally understood.

“I am sorry for my inexcusable behavior. I will follow Vaito-dono’s suggestions.”

“Yes, I have Vaito and other guards as well. Them alone should be equivalent to ten thousand armies. You protect the survivors of the second division. Have them also return to the front again some time.”

“Understood!”

*Well, well, it looks like she’s finally on track.*

*Shure looks happy; it’s almost like she’s a changed person. Is this the effect of the Demon Lord?*

“Vaito-dono.” Aide Shure turned towards my direction, and informed me in a serious tone.

“In place of my powerlessness, the power of the Demon Lord will keep you safe.”

I really don’t understand her honesty. Even if I’m a little lucky, there’s still a good chance I could be killed in battle.”

Which is why I answered, “With all my power.”

Suddenly the inside of the castle became quiet, the eeriness of the deep forest creeping up in the night.

Hidden behind the fog, he appeared.

# Chapter 62

## Courtyard Tragedy

Only one figure emerged from the fog. He was lightly armoured.

“All the sentinels, retreat. No matter what happens, do not make a move unless I order to do so!”

I ordered the dragonoids remaining in the castle from the watchtower.

I made them open the castle gate.

A castle gate won't defend us from the enemy who cut down the Tiberet division leader. It will just get destroyed.

However, I do not quite like the idea of letting him just enter like that.

The person thought to be the hero, crossed through Glenstadt castle gate without any fear.

As he came closer, gradually his strength became clear. He doesn't even seem to be a magician but his magical power seems to be on a completely different level. And, just like the Demon Lord, it gushes out from the inside.

There is no mistaking it. He's the real hero.

The power the hero was releasing cleared the surrounding mist. The mist was clearing away only from around him. An overwhelming presence.

“Vaito-sama...”

The guards who gathered around me wore an anxious expression. They weren't the elite guards, just the normal ones.

But being experienced soldiers, they clearly understood the hero's overpowering presence.



I strictly order them,

“It is definitely the real hero. Even if we launched an attack on him altogether, we will probably get defeated. Do not make a move.”

“Ye-yes, sir!”

The hero who had now come inside the courtyard, headed inside the castle without any hesitation.

He was wearing normal clothes like the citizens of Miraldia and had only equipped a simple Miraldia guard breastplate on top. I don't know if he was from Bahhen or just equipped the armor from Bahhen but there was a Bahhen city symbol engraved on the armour.

Even at his waist, as expected, only a common soldier sword hanged. He was not even carrying any other bags.

It looked like he doesn't have any projectile weapons so we might as well try shooting some arrows at him.

It was at that moment.

“For Tiberit division leader!!”

“We will protect the Demon Lord!”

From inside the castle, figures came out from all around and jumped at him. About a few dozen of them.

When I looked closer, it was the remaining of the 2nd division. So there were some left.

There seems to be a few new dragonoid recruits in there as well.

“Don't! Stop!”

I shouted at them but, they had already gone attacking the hero.

In the next moment, the hero drew his sword.

He cut a straight line with his cheap-looking sword.

But even before he drew the sword, I couldn't take my eyes off the hero's hands.

Magic circulated from his hands and it formed an invisible sword blade. And that too, absurdly long.

"Lie down!"

I shouted in panic but the only ones who were able to lie down after hearing that were the dragonoids.

Their backs were slightly grazed by the invisible magic blade.

We got to see what happened to the ones who were not able to duck right away.

All of them were cut into two.

Almost all the guards gathered in the courtyard were annihilated with just that one swing. Deep sword cuts were even engraved into the castle walls.

"Run! Run inside the castle!"

To my command, all the guards left alive started to withdraw inside the castle but, the hero did not let that happen.

With just a simple step forward, the hero had leaped over 10 meters ahead. By the time he had turned his back to the dragonoids, all of them were sprouting out blood and falling down.

None of them were able to escape.

After slaughtering everyone in the courtyard, the hero looked at his sword. Not being able to withstand the hero's tremendous power, the cheap sword had snapped from its core.

He kicked the corpse of one of the dragonoids lying dead and took their blade. The swords dragonoids use were quite different from the human ones but, it seems like anything is fine as long as it is a sword for him. Probably because it was only a wick for him to clad magic with.

Then the hero looked up, and stared fixedly at me. The dragonoids around were faltering and stepping back.

I was also scared but I had the pride of an aide.

As if I will be beaten by a stare.

But if he gets closer, I will most definitely die.

Before long, he turned his back on me and went running into the castle.

I had expected this but, really, we can do nothing about something like this.

“I will return to the castle. You guys see if there are anyone alive in the courtyard and run.”

There probably weren't any survivors but, if I did not give them any order, they would probably end up doing something reckless.

After parting from the soldiers, I ran through the castle's passages. I hurried to the audience room.

But then, I noticed a figure coming from there.

It was the hero!

Worst of all, I had ended up encountering the hero in front of the audience room.

This guy, he came this far in the castle without even being puzzled. He's like a hound.

Concealing my fear, I glared at the hero. If I am going to die anyway, might as well not have an unsightly end as the aide of the 1st division.

But as soon as the hero spotted me, he stood still. He did not come attacking me.

“The Demon Lord is in there, right?”

He said with a cold voice. Even though he was a human, it felt like he had no kindness in him. Anger, hatred and murderous intent. Those were the only human-like feeling I got from him.

I had frozen in place in reaction to that inhuman-like aura, but it seemed like he was waiting for my response.

I have no choice, I shall boldly reply to him.

“Yes. Come if you wish, human.”

I was afraid but I wasn't going to shout out 'hero'. The real hero, that is a being of the same level as the demon lord.

I opened the door and let the hero in.

When he was passing by me, I suddenly felt a dreadful killing intent. I felt as if the magic floating around him were only polished for offence.

I instantly took a step back and took stance.

But the hero was still there, standing up straight. Was he testing me?

Damn it, surprising me like that. I will have you hear my objections.

“Human, do you wish to fight with me?”

As I said that, the hero turned his back on me again and started walking again.

I would have been killed just now if I let my guard down...

In the audience room, the elite guards were all equipped and standing in a line.

On the throne deep inside the room, the Demon Lord was sitting in his war attire. The room was filled with a frightening air of intimidation.

But the hero kept advancing forward, completely ignoring the elite guards.

He was probably tired of us underlings.

The hero struck the Demon Lord with his hatred-filled gaze.

“It's Ashes.”

That was probably the hero's name. He didn't introduce himself as the hero.

The Demon Lord nodded, and replied in a calm tone,

"Friden Richter."

The Demon Lord, too, did not introduce herself as the demon lord.

The hero held his sword, aiming for the eye, and declared,

"I have come to avenge Meltia."

He spoke of a person I had not known. It was not the name of a city. Probably a woman's name.

The Demon Lord sat in silence. She gazed at the hero quietly and then stood up.

The hero and the Demon Lord both did not say anything more than that. They probably don't plan on talking at this point.

The Demon Lord picked up the spear which was beside her. It was a small spear, which could be rotated in one's hand.

But it was a bit different in shape to the normal spears. Its tip wasn't straight, rather it was like a board, like a hunting gun or an old infantry gun.

The Demon Lord took a stance with the spear and gently said,

"I shall listen to what you have to say with this."

In that moment, the hero leaped towards the Demon Lord.

# Chapter 63

## Death Battle and Demon Wolf

The battle between the demon lord and the hero was grand enough to be called a death battle.

The demon lord's spear flew towards the hero at an unbelievable speed. The overflowing magic in the spear was raging.

But the hero's sword did not fall behind even a step. His swordsmanship was like a silent storm, sweeping from side to side as he pleased, he stopped the spear's tip.

In the blink of an eye, the demon lord had lunged her spear towards the hero multiple times and all of them were blocked. Because of the intense shockwaves from the magic, the pillars behind got smashed to pieces.

I was dumbfounded as I watched that fight but suddenly realized a certain thing. The hero has been dexterously moving around for awhile, trying to drag in the guards to the fight.

The demon lord was trying to not hit the guards and restrain the hero from doing so either.

I hurriedly made the Black Scale guards fall back.

"Fall back! Don't be fooled by your eyes! Both of their weapons have extended range due to magic!"

Reacting to my words in no time, the guards leaped back. As expected of the elites the demon lord is proud of.

However, they are not magicians so they can't comprehend things which they can't see.

On the other hand, I was able to perceive their divinity, or rather their spiritual power as a flow of magic.

At a glance, their fight would look like a repetition of offense and defense.

However, they were actually fighting with all their strength to completely annihilate each other.

Just by getting grazed by the demon lord's speartip, the hero's magic was being stolen.

Conversely, just by a scratch from the hero's sword, a huge amount of magic leaked from the demon lord's body.

As their existences contravened each other, it looked like even the smallest scratch was able to inflict a deep injury.

If it was possible, I would have loved to assist in the fight but I would probably get cut down to pieces the moment I step in. And besides, the demon lord would not probably permit any sort of assistance either.

I would have also used support magic but that probably won't have any effect on the demon lord either. It is impossible to amplify the demon lord's power with my puny magic.

And so, while being aware of the surrounding, I watched over their battle with the guards.

It seemed they were equal in terms of strength. The spear lunged forward, which the sword brushed off and tried to attack, being blocked by the spear again and the flow repeated. It was a bewildering exchange of blows.

However, after lunging the spear forward, when the demon lord was pulling it back, there was a slight gap. Just for a moment, her handling of the spear grew slack.

I immediately understood what had happened.

It was something the demon lord had talked about long ago, the cross of the reincarnated.

The demon lord and I reincarnated into a demon from a human but the constitution and feeling of a human and a demon is different.

I did not know martial arts in my previous life so now when I know werewolf martial

arts, I do not feel any inconvenience.

But the spear technique the demon lord was using now was probably something she learned in her previous life. It was completely different from the dragonoids.

However, that is only the humans' technique. There are a ton of differences between humans and dragonoids.

And so, if one were to forcibly use such a technique, they might end up hurting themselves.

Actually, the demon lord's strongest forte is the sword. But as she would end up hurting her shoulder or wrist if the fight draws on, after testing various things, she decided on the spear.

The demon lord's handling of the spear was as sharp as ever. I don't think it has gotten dull.

However, in a fight between two beings who have transcended the normal realm, that gap was fatal.

"Die!"

The hero succeeded in striking the demon lord.

The demon lord did try to dodge it but was a moment too late.

The hero diagonally sliced the demon lord from shoulder to the waist.

In front of my eyes, I could clearly see the demon lord's magic leave her body.

This can't be.

The demon lord can't lose.

But the fresh blood scattering everywhere was unmistakably real.

"Splendid..."

As the demon lord said that, she fell to her knees.



On the other hand, now when I look closely, the hero had also received a deep wound. The spear had pierced the hero's stomach.

The demon lord had used all her might to land a counter. But it seems like it was too shallow to defeat the hero.

The wounded hero gripped his sword again and leapt towards the demon lord.

I also tried to go between them but was too late.

The demon lord's body fell to the ground and did not move.

The hero threw the broken sword and wiped off the blood on him with his shirt. He did not seem to be affected a bit.

And as if he had lost interest on the demon lord, he turned to face towards us.

"Don't think you can run away. You guys are next."

Looks like the hero-sama does not plan on letting us small fries escape either. He plans on killing every single demon he meets.

All the guards drew their sword at once but I signed them to stay back. It was futile.

"Stay back. I will deal with him."

The hero looked at me.

"You, you look like a human but you are a demon, aren't you? What is with that?"

Instead of replying, I transformed.

And howled at the top of my lungs. The soul shaker.

The chandelier broke down and the candle light scattered away, shrouding the surrounding in darkness.

Only the moonlight illuminated the place.

"Don't think you can leave this place alive."

I ended up saying something too pompous.

But I don't regret it. No matter what happens to the demon lord army, I absolutely can't let this guy live.

"Looks like you think you can win because I am wounded, huh?"

He placed a hand on his wounds and they disappeared without a trace.

Seeing that, even the experienced guards trembled a little.

Then he took a knife and gripped it with his underhand.

"What happened? Come at me."

I am being quite underestimated, huh?

Certainly, he just healed his wounds just now.

But that's just on the surface. When he took the blow and also when he healed it, he lost a lot of magic.

Now, this guy isn't the super-being he was before he fought the demon lord. The unlimited magic I felt overflowing from him before had also weakened. He probably can't heal up like that anymore.

If the hero is wounded like this, even if it's a little, I have a chance at winning.

However, I need to be resolved for that as well.

I released all the magic I had prepared, increasing my physical strength at once. I was drawing in the magic from the surrounding with soul shaker, so its effect was much stronger than usual.

Moreover, I decided on using the secret strengthening magic.

"Burn, my body! Turn the sleeping insanity into strength!"

It was one of the incantations, 'fanatic burn'.

It is only temporary but with this, I am able to cross the limits of my body. It is a magic which keeps on giving me strength, without caring the least about breaking my bones or tearing my flesh apart.

After using it, I might die off the recoil but I will be killed either way if I do not win here.

The moment he realized I used magic, he came at me with full strength. The tip of the knife came straight at me.

My strengthened eyesight could barely catch his movements. It was pretty much up to my instincts to dodge.

Dodging the knife, I drilled in a kick to hit stomach. I certainly felt it hit him but looked like it didn't affect him much.

But it made a hole in his breastplate and sent it flying.

"You!"

I barely dodged his knife again. I do not have as much magic or stamina as the demon lord. If it hit, that would probably be the end.

As payback, I socked him on the face. It was a clean hit but it looked like it didn't affect him much either.

What a person. It's a werewolf's punch which can instantly kill a bear or a war horse, you know?!

Close combat makes my vision narrow and is risky for me. Taking some distance, I calmed down to think.

Calm down. I am a werewolf.

Werewolves are not proud warriors. They are cruel hunters.

This fight too, is not one of a proud and honorable soldier. It is a fight out of anger, to use any foul move to hunt the hero down.

And so, I hid myself behind a pillar.

“What? You scared now?!”

The hero chopped off the pillar with his knife. Multiple times at that too. The huge pillar got chopped up as if it was a candle and slid down.

As I expected.

He only attacks. He is a daredevil who doesn't know when to back off.

I kicked some of the debris towards him.

And immediately after, I got on all four like a real werewolf and ran on the floor.

Black floor, black walls, black pillars, black ceiling, black stones, and, a black werewolf.

For just a moment. For just a moment, which would not even be tenths of a second, he couldn't sense me.

He was bewildered to find me blending in with the stones.

That one moment was enough.

Putting my life on the line, I bit his leg with my fangs.

Without hesitating, I crunched down his shin.

“Ugguu?!”

With the sound of bones breaking, I could smell a human's blood.

A werewolf's real weapon is not its claws or fists. It's the fang.

Everything except the fang are nothing except countermeasures to block the enemy.

I do not know how a human fights but I fully understood how a werewolf fought.

Other attacks might not deal damage, but an attack with the fangs would even inflict a deep wound on the hero.

And if so, I still have a chance to win.

# Chapter 64

## Blood-Stained Fangs

Injured or not, Heroes remained heroes.

“Guoooooooooh!”

The Hero roared as he approached, his knife ready to swing downwards. There was barely a sliver of the Hero’s magic left. I narrowly avoided the swing, its movement already dulled by his pain. I brushed off his hand and pushed him down to the black floor.

Seeing that we’d come this far, it was fair to assume that we were evenly matched. Both the Hero and I were risking our very lives in this battle. It was now merely a question of who would strike first; whether I would dig my fangs into his windpipe, or whether he would use that knife to stab me in the neck before I had the chance to do so.

The well of physical strength the Hero held was just barely greater than my own, but he did nothing to hold me down. Was he being vigilant, wary of the surrounding personal guards? The Hero had purposefully forgone slaying the guards, instead opting to use them as a means to hinder the Demon Lord’s movement. Now, however, the very same guards had become the shackles that bound him.

While the conditions were optimal and could be nothing but advantageous, I had finally come this far and was now finally standing on even ground. Apart from the single lunge with the fangs that boasted the acme of my might, there was nothing I could do that would connect to the Hero.

On the other hand a single punch, a single kick from the Hero would be more than sufficient to deal immense damage to me. If my focus wavered for even a single moment, I would be knocked out and this would all be settled.

But there was no way I could stand the thought of losing. A big Hero, so what? I would never accept someone like him. I feigned a lunge, my fangs aiming for the Hero’s throat, then sunk them into the wrist of his right hand instead as he attempted to

defend himself.

My teeth chomped down on the joints of his wrist. His right hand was useless now.

At that very moment, his left fist slams into me with all of his strength behind it.

His strength was equal to a giant's. For a moment, I could feel my consciousness starting to dim.

Coming back to my senses with sharp breath of air, the first thing I noticed was that the Hero was pinning me down. Lost in his own rage, his face had contorted into a grimace.

"You bastard!"

That wasn't good.

He had pulled his left fist backward, as far as it would go. If I were to be on the receiving end of a punch with that much force behind it, there was no doubt that it would all be over.

The Hero had grabbed me in a mounting position. I couldn't move a muscle, almost as if I was being pinned beneath a slab of rock. The guards around me were readying their spears, but it was clear that they couldn't make it in time.

Was this it?

While I had long since prepared myself for the eventuality of death, my vain struggle pushed me to cast sorcery to counter him.

I was utterly incapable of using any sort of attack spells. Unlike the others, the only forms of magic available to me were those that reinforced and healed the body.

So I used them.

I somehow managed to cast my spell a split second before his fist came flying.

It was a healing spell borne of my desperate struggles. One that had been stripped down to its bare, rudimentary elements.

“Guoooooooooh?!”

The Hero let loose an anguished scream, unlike anything he had let out before. In pure agony, he alternated between cradling his right wrist and then his shin.

For a mere moment, all of his movements ceased.

The magic I had cast was of a sort that amplified one’s naturally-given regenerative properties, a kind of sorcery that gradually healed wounds. It was the same magic that my master had used on that dog, the head commander of the Hell Beasts. It could be utilised with barely any amount of magic, but until the wound had fully healed it would accelerate the process of cell division to an abnormal degree, causing the wounded area to become incredibly painful.

It wasn’t a spell meant for practical use, and was instead regarded as nothing more than magic required to move on to the next stage.

The pulpy mess of a wound, courtesy of the fangs of a proper werewolf, coupled with this unnatural healing process was sure to bring about a pain of unimaginable magnitude. Any normal man would have fainted in a heartbeat.

The virtue of being a Hero was enough to keep him from losing consciousness, but it seemed that even he couldn’t bear to endure the sheer pain.

Giving my thanks to my master, I used this moment to my advantage.

I pushed the Hero’s body to the side, then weighed him down and pinned him to the floor. This was the one moment that gave me even the slightest chance of victory.

I was going to end him.

I bit down on his windpipe. I let my werewolf fangs dig into his neck, then ripped out more than half of it. Blood gushed from the wound and sprayed about, clouding my vision in pure red.

I didn’t even hear a scream.

I barely managed to prop myself up, almost smothered by the stench of the spouting geysers of blood. My breath was entwined with the metallic scent of blood.

I wiped my face clean and was greeted with the sight of the Hero as he writhed in an ocean of blood.

The most horrifying thing to see was that he was still attempting to rise to his feet. But as it so was with the loss of these large quantities of blood, his movements became duller by the minute. Needless to say, the healing magic I had cast earlier was no longer enough to be of use to him.

Drowning in the massive sea of his own blood, the hero was close to drawing his final breath.

His eyes were forced wide open by his own fear and shock as they regarded me. He heaved, blood escaping from between his lips. They moved as if he had something to say to me. His left hand shook as it rose, the tip of his finger pointing towards me.

I wondered what he was trying to say. I had no idea myself.

That was when I remembered that I had yet to introduce myself to him.

“My name is Vaito. A simple aide.”

I had no idea if my words had reached him. The man’s hand dropped and sunk into the puddle of blood, and the light in his eyes vanished. These were the final moments of the Hero Arshes.

Having survived this ordeal, I stood there with the guards, basking in a while of silence. I staggered and leaned against the crumbling stone pillar.

Now fatigued, I was unable to further maintain my form as a werewolf. I found myself returning to my original human form against my own will. That was the first time it had ever happened to me.

My field of visions grew more and more narrow, then started to turn dark. I was starting to feel the recoil from the Fanatic Burn.

Still staggering, I made my way to the fallen Demon Lord. My body felt heavy. It was as if I was pulling along weights of pure stone.

His Majesty didn’t move. From what I could see from her magic, the light of his life had been completely snuffed out. No matter how skilled a sorcerer there was, it was



impossible to treat him now.

I had wanted to at least be able to offer him some parting words.

But fact of the matter was that even I didn't know what would happen to me now. I could feel my entire body shrieking in pain, an after-effect of the excessive boosts brought about by magic.

In the end, the words I offered the Demon Lord were in Japanese.

*"I've avenged you, my Lord."*

Demons no longer needed to fear the Hero. So I could only ask that they rest easy now.

My surroundings went dark. This was the first time since my transformation into a werewolf, whose eyes could pierce through the blackest darkness, that I truly found myself in the embrace of the shadows.

My surroundings were plunged into a world of dark.

If I died here and now, would I be able to meet the Demon Lord?

Those were my last thoughts...

...before my consciousness ceased to be.

# Chapter 65

## Of the Demon Lord's Mausoleum and the Man That Gnawed a Hero to Death

By the time I finally opened my eyes, several days had passed by.

"Oh, you're awake."

I was greeted with the sight of Melehn peering directly into my face. She brought her own closer and pressed her forehead against my head, then proceeded to hum thoughtfully.

"Doesn't look like there's a problem with your magic. Spirit waves are fine too. Can't spot any after-effects either."

"Sorry, but... where is this...?"

Had I given it more thought, then I wouldn't have posed the question. I was, of course, still inside Glenstadt Castle, resting in my own room.

"So I made it, huh? I didn't die..."

I let out a long sigh. I was more than certain that, had I kicked the bucket then and there, I would have gotten an earful of the Demon Lord's scoldings once I made it to the other side.

Melehn responded by giving me a rather chilling look.

"So tell me, is it just in a werewolf's nature to overdo it like that? Or is it just you, Vaito?"

*Ow, Ow! That hurts! That really hurts! Stop grinding my temples, Senpai!*

"Um... How did things turn out?"

I managed to bring myself to avoid Melehn's relentless assaults and had opted to ask the question that rested heavily on my mind.

In a rather surprising gesture, she let her hand fall onto my shoulder and gave her answer in an unexpectedly soft tone.

"Everything's fine. There's nothing for you to worry about. The Master took care of it all."

She went on to tell me that the guards had personally nursed me after I had lost consciousness. They had also gone through the trouble of calling for the Dragon Folk to return from their refuge, then gotten to work on enshrining the remains of the Demon Lord and the Hero.

In a more convenient turn of events, the Master had come to relieve me of my unconsciousness soon after.

To shed a more light on that, it seemed that she had been perceptive enough to feel the loss of the two titanic entities that were made up of the Hero and the Demon Lord. She had even forced herself to come here in spite of her lingering troubles with movement.

I was also told that upon her arrival, the Master had gone on to toil away. She had spent the entire night at the Demon Lord's side doing everything within her power, but it was far too late for any forms of healing or resurrection to have any effect. It didn't matter whether you were the Lord of all Demons or a Hero; once you were subjected to the full extent of death, there was nothing that could bring you back.

In the end, the exhausted Master had been forced to officially declare the Demon King as deceased. She had done so through rivers of her own tears.

The Demon Lord's remains had been carried way to the mausoleum, where he had been buried in the graveyard beneath.

Demons did not have much in the way of customs that included a proper funeral service. Their life-long experience of dwelling alongside nature had taught them to bury their dead as quickly as possible, or there would be no way to protect their remains.

Nevertheless, there was no doubt that they would go into mourning.

The Hero's body, on the other hand, had been returned to the Miraldia Army that had been awaiting him outside the mist. The Master had done so believing that all those dead should be mourned equally, but it would seem that she had been met with the unbelievable shock of the army.

It was no wonder. After all, the most lethal wound visible on his corpse appeared to have been made by some king of gargantuan wolf.

They misinterpreted the situation, believing that the Hero had failed to subjugate the Demon Lord and had instead been gnawed to death by one of his underlings. Believing the Demon Lord to be alive and well, they neglected the body of their Hero and fled for the hills.

This being a fate no one deserved, the Hero had been brought to the mausoleum of Glenstadt Castle for a temporary burial. Some day, his remains would be returned to his home town.

A scout's report had come in, confirming that the Miraldia Army had succeeded in escaping the forest and was now back in Bachen. The public militia had scattered completely, and whatever remained of the official army had holed itself up in Bachen under the pretence of a defensive manoeuvre.

Other stories that were passed on to me told of horrific rumours that were circulating about. Rumours of me, mostly. I also heard that there were additions being made to the wanted posters published by the senate.

In the end, neither side had really gained anything. Both sides had lost their paragons.

The Miraldia Army should be silent for the time being, at least.

The real problems had festered in the Demon Lord's Army.

With the Demon Lord defeated, only the division commander was left to command the troops. With Division Commander Tiberit having perished in battle, the only one left was my own commander, Gomoviloa. She had been making use of the past few days to console and encourage her men, sometimes even scolding them; all responsibilities that had fallen to her. Had she not been there while I was out cold, there could be no imagining what might have happened to the distressed troops.

Considering her skill and prior accomplishments, the Master was a very suitable fit

for the position of the new Demon Lord. She herself seemed to be hesitant to pick up that mantle, but I'd do my best to convince her later.

And in any case, it had been thanks to the instigations of the Master that the Demon Lord had even raised his army. Until she had done so, the only forces worth speaking of were the relatively miniscule forces of armed Dragon Folk. That had then changed to include the likes of the great giant Tiberit and the countless demons that had decided to join their ranks. I myself was one of those who had been pushed upward by the Master to join the army.

That's why I'd make sure that the Master would shoulder the responsibility for it all. That I would aid her every step of the way went without saying.

While the army was one point of concern, what weighed the most heavily on my mind was the Demon Lord's mausoleum. I wanted to bid him farewell. On my own terms.

I rose from my bed. I could feel my body creaking at every joint, but I was still perfectly capable of movement.

"I'm going to His Majesty's mausoleum."

"I'll come with you."

"No, don't. I'd rather do this alone, if you don't mind."

Melehn gave me a long look of great concern, but then offered me a defeated smile.

"...I understand. Don't push yourself, alright?"

She lent me her shoulder to lean on, then ruffled my head like she used to do long ago. It brought back a lot of memories.

It just went to show that I'd beleaguered her far too much while I was unconscious, namely by making her worry her head off.

The minute I ventured out into the hallway, I was surprised to see all the aides of the first division forming a row in front of me. There was no way of telling when they had come here, but they were accompanied by the likes of the aide Balsche. Even Kulsche, the technical officer, was there. So were the personal guards.

Once I entered their field of vision, they all felt content to greet me with a silent salute. The thoughts that ran through my head couldn't be expressed with mere words, so I returned the gesture and gave them my own quiet salute.

Then, I left.

In the great park that was behind the castle Glenstadt, there was a mausoleum built out of stone. Those that had formerly resided in the castle must have planned to make use of it at some point, but they had never been able to make it inside. They had been overthrown by their own ilk, dragged down to ruin by other humans.

And now, it served as the resting place for the Demon Lord himself.

Once I had made an offering of incense, I looked up at the gloomy stone structure. This world had no actual incense, so I had been forced to make due and borrowed something with a similar enough scent from Melehn.

I closed my eyes, folded my hands together, and spoke to the Demon Lord.

"Your Majesty... Dying on your own was hardly fair."

I had been reincarnated into this world as a werewolf, and had finally come across someone who had undergone a similar experience. It had even been someone from Japan, just like me.

There were no words to describe the familiarity I had felt towards him.

He had rarely ever spoken of his time in our old world, but he was still Japanese. Like I was.

There were too few things we had spoken of.

*"You Majesty... I don't mind the bread this world has to offer, but I'd like to eat some rice again. Don't you agree?"*

*"Indeed. Rice could make use of the same amount of land and feed even more mouths. I'd love to introduce the people here to the idea of rice cultivation. Some day."*

*"No, no. I'm just saying that I want to eat some for myself..."*

*"It's much easier for you to eat grains, you know. Being a werewolf and all. But I'm part of the Dragon Folk. Our bodies just don't handle the stuff well."*

*"That sounds harsh..."*

We had many conversations like that. While the Demon Lord had passed away without ever telling me what kind of person he was in his previous life, it wasn't hard for me to visualise him as some kind of workaholic.

Even in this world, he had put his life on the line for his work. Now, he was dead.

The more I thought about it, the more socially awkward he seemed. He had, after all, died without even giving me his old name.

A voice behind me called my name.

"I thought I might find you here, Vaito."

It was the Master's voice. I turned around and was greeted with her usual smile.

She still seemed to be awfully tired. She was leaning on her staff in an almost dependant manner. Even the hue of her face seemed to be off.

"Master, are you feeling alright?"

"Oh, there's no need for you to worry. Let's focus on what's important here: you managed to defeat the enemies of the Demon Lord and Tiberit. Thank you, Vaito."

"The only thing I did was to take on a wounded Hero and kill him. It's really nothing worth the praise."

The Hero, Arshes. He had only fought against the enemies of the one called Meltia... and died for the same person. Or possible person.

Had Meltia been part of his family? A lover, perhaps? It was also possible that the two shared the same relationship a master and student might have.

It was possible that he was another person that had been reincarnated here?

Now, all of that would remain a mystery.

The Master held out a single, sealed letter.

“This is the Demon Lord’s last will and testament. It said to hand it over to you.”

“To me...?”

“I can’t say I received a single one of these myself. Once you’re done with it, come and meet me in my room.”

With those final words, Master turned to face the mausoleum and bowed her head in silence.



# Chapter 66

## Demon Lord Friden Richet's last will and testament

Vaito.

If you are reading this letter, it means that I have been defeated by the hero.

At the same, it would mean you have defeated the hero too. I don't really think the hero would reconcile with you guys, after all.

But I do somewhat feel that you might be able to beat the hero.

And so, I shall leave this letter behind.

First of all, about the business of inheritance, all the knowledge I had gained in the previous world have been recorded in Japanese. There are about 4 red-spined books in the right table at the office. I want you to translate and pass the parts you deem worth passing to the technical officers.

Also, about my successor, if no one has any complaint, I would like it to be Gomoviroa. She has a great track record and strength to back that up as well.

I did think about recommending you as the successor but was rejected.

However, I do understand your feelings — on why you firmly declined.

You probably properly understand the weight of the responsibilities of someone who becomes king. There are times when a casual word uttered by the king can sow seeds of fear, mistrust or discord in the surrounding.

There will also be people who would want to use the king's power.

And so, the king must always be careful.

Well, I do not quite have confidence in whether I was careful or not.

Moreover, kings must pass down heartless orders sometimes as well.

There are times when one must kill their enemy's whole clan and there are also times when they must execute the soldiers who have surrendered. Just as the daimyo in the warring states period were once.

But, I do understand that you may not be able to do such things.

And as such, I won't ask you to be the demon lord.

Being kind to your opponents—that's your weak point but at the same time, it is also your strong point. In this world, that kind of peaceful outlook is very rare.

However, I believe that with that outlook, you can change the world.

It might be best for you to keep changing the world as you see fit, as an agile aide.

By the way, there's one thing I must apologize to you about.

Before, I had said that I won't raise any topic of the previous world. That I won't ask who you are.

However, I had presumed who you were, though it may be vague.

You have probably come from decades — no, centuries after the world I was in before. It seemed like you lived in a world rich of materials and technology.

By your leadership and outlook, many have learned a lot, including me. I am grateful. You are probably not aware of it yourself, though.

When I think about it like that, I come to the conclusion that you have probably lived in much more peaceful times than I did. From your speech and conduct, I feel the presence of a peaceful era.

And so that means, the stuff I have accomplished in the previous world with my whole life on the line might have bore fruit in some way.

Sorry for assuming a lot.

I can't stop thinking once I start, you see.

But because of that, I was able to live with my all and without any grief in this world.

Well, I am not dead at this point of writing, though.

I don't plan on losing to someone like the hero. I am the king of demons. The mediator of peace, Friden Richter.

I don't have any sorrow now. I can brag that I have conquered both my previous world and this world.

The demon lord army is also slowly gaining more area. I have brought up many talented people. I am also not worried about my successor.

Now that it has come to this, life and death just seem like a trivial matter to me.

This is a good opportunity, I guess I will go all out to my heart's content in a long time.

But even still, since I have gone to all the trouble of writing this, it might be quite interesting to still hand it over to you after the fight with the hero.

I am pretty curious to know what kind of face you make at that moment

# Chapter 67

## Everyone's determination

After reading the Demon Lord's letter, I just blankly stared at the mausoleum.

Despite being so full of confidence, you lost, didn't you, Demon Lord? Even though everyone is so depressed, it is not fair for the person dying to be happy, don't you think? Is it possible that you are reincarnating somewhere right now? Could that be somewhere in this world? If that's so, we will all go searching for you, you know?

But there was no answer.

Putting away the letter in my pocket, I scrubbed my eyes clean. I took a deep breath and lowered my head to the mausoleum. Just as the Demon Lord was the Demon Lord for an entire life, I shall be the aide for my whole life as well. Looks like I have forever lost the chance to stop being an aide. Demon Lord, leave the rest to us. This aide shall do something about it.

After returning inside the castle, I decided to start solving problems one by one.

"Master, hurry up and become the Demon Lord."

"Don't be ridiculous."

The great sage Gomoviroa was rolling about on her bed like a child.

"I am not worthy of a king's vessel, you know? I'm just a researcher—and a human at that! Not happening, nope, nope!"

"Please stop acting like a child. Do you want the Demon Lord army to collapse? A lot of humans have also been affected so we can't go back anymore."

Master hugged the pillow and pouted.

"If you're saying that much, why don't you just become the Demon Lord?"

“Me?!”

“The one who defeated the true hero. You are also the person who brought up the demon city, Ryunheight. Nobody would oppose.”

“If you’re going to bring that up then, master, you are the oldest member — you have been here since the demon army was brought up. You’re also the strongest magic user.”

But master was determined to not admit it.

“I was sleeping at the most important moment! This would just look like an usurpation.”

“No one would think that. And I was also sleeping at the important moments.”

Despite all my efforts to convince master, she just kept shaking her head horizontally.

“I-do-not-wannaaaa!”

“Are you a kid?!”

“I am not even good at going out in front of humans. I would have to go in front of them then, right? Demons are still better but I can’t go in front of humans. There is no way I can become the Demon Lord.”

How troubling. Master being this shy.

But I have known her for quite a while so I kinda understand.

I think master is probably trying to depend on me.

Having lost everything with her sworn friend, everyone is now expecting her to be the next Demon Lord and flourish.

Master is the strongest magician, an expert researcher and a very passionate educator but she is neither a politician nor a soldier. If I had to say, I would say she is not suited for it.

And so, by talking to me like this, she is probably trying to steel her resolve.

I felt like that so I decided to accompany her willfulness to the end.

“If that’s so, there is one good way, master.”

“What is it?”

I took out the magician’s training puppet from master’s closet.

“Let’s make this dude the Demon Lord.”

“...What?”

After listening to my explanation, master nodded with a ‘hmmm’.

“I see. So you’re telling me to use the doll just when I appear in front of the humans, right?”

“Yes. With this, you could make it as nice as you want and wouldn’t have to worry about assassinations either. You could just hide from the view and give your speech with a script or something.”

It was a pattern I had seen several times in mangas in my previous life.

The one sitting on the throne would just be a doll and the real Demon Lord would be its close aide, standing beside it.

Yep, this is it.

It looked like master was thinking a bit about it too.

“I see, I see. I am scared of humans but if I can hide from view then it is possible.”

“Right?”

She thought for a while after too but then gave a big nod.

Seems like she has steeled herself while we were having this absurd conversation.

“I can’t let the army the Demon Lord spent her life for fall just because of my selfishness. I will do it with my life on the line.”

“Now that’s my honorable master!”

She came close to me and grabbed my hand with her small hands.

“But, I will feel uneasy alone. Starting with you, I would have to rely on my disciples too. Alright?”

“Of course, master. Let’s fulfill the Demon Lord’s will.”

“Hmm, let’s do that.”

She said with a smile.

And so the new Demon Lord, Gomoviroa was born.

This was very easily accepted by the whole Demon Lord army.

The previous Demon Lord had also always spoken about their successor.

And because of that, everyone in the Demon Lord army had always thought that if something were to happen to the Demon Lord, someone would succeed the throne.

Master is the oldest member, who was also present when the army was first being formed. And although she can only go all-out for a short period of time, for the time she has her mana, she is practically unrivaled.

The third division leaders were master’s disciples so they had no objection with their respectable master being the Demon Lord.

And also, the second division had also been saved twice now by master at the north battlefield. Thanks to which she is being treated as a saint by them. It seems they wouldn’t have any problem with it either.

The first division also agreed to master being the one succeeding the Demon Lord. They are respecting the Demon Lord’s dying wish. Moreover, most of the members of the first division have been here for quite a while so they have a good bond with master.

Thanks to that, collecting everyone’s opinion was surprisingly simple.

And this is how the Demon Lord army would be guided by the new Demon Lord, Gomoviroa. The memorial of the previous king and the enthronement of the new one was scheduled to be done in a few days.

However, because master would inherit the title of the Demon Lord, the spot of the third division's leader was vacant.

"Who will fill in?"

"You should be the one."

"No, no, I am the aide of the first division. And besides, I am also your direct aide, you know, master?"

If I were to become the squad leader, I would have too much to do in my hands which I probably wouldn't be able to handle.

We looked at each other and said,

"Then, let's ask Merayne-senpai."

"Then it's settled."

If it's Merayne-senpai, the other disciples would also oblige.

I stayed in the first division and became the direct aide to the Demon Lord. When I think about diplomacy, this way is easier.

Merayne-senpai came complaining later but since it was the new Demon Lord's imperial command, I ignored her.

"Oi Vaito, why is the person who defeated the true hero himself still just an aide?! Become the squad leader!"

"Ehh, I don't wanna be your superior officer, Mereen-senpai."

As I refused, she turned to face Fernel.

"Geez! Vaito, you are not cute anymore! It's fine, I will make Fer do it."



“It is even more impossible for me!! My experience as both master’s disciple and the Demon Lord army’s general is too shallow!”

Please give up and take on the role of the squad leader, queen of vampires.

Even with the pain still lingering in our hearts, we determined ourselves and decided to move forward and keep fighting by inheriting the Demon Lord’s will.

We will build a country where demons can live with humans.

We will still be chasing after the dream Demon Lord Fredenrichter drew.

But before that, I was requested to help master with something little.

I wonder what it is...

# Chapter 68

## Gomoviroa's Recollections

What are Demon Lords?

Throughout the ages, those that were called Demon Lords were recognized for their apparent disparity in strength.

Some would only pursue their own strength, some were intoxicated by plunder and destruction, some tried to destroy the humans and some strived for coexistence with humans.

Looking at these diverse lives, it would seem that the endgame of those that gain power is not always the same.

On the other hand, heroes are also full of mysteries.

In the past, whenever a Demon Lord started to invade a human territory, Heroes would make an appearance before you knew it.

During peacetimes, do these Heroes just reside in the midst of the public, or do they appear as a response to a Demon Lords arrival; I do not know the answer to this either.

There are many mysterious aspects of our current Hero as well.

As a Hero to the humans, his equipment and actions were bizarre. The simplistic weapon, his act of going straight away to challenge the Demon Lord.

I have heard that his purpose was not the protection of mankind, but simply vengeance.

Demon Lords and Heroes work to counteract each other. Like hot and cold water.

By opposing each other, one will be annihilated and the other too will eventually disappear into the shadows of history. Much like after the combining of hot and cold water, what is left is just tepid water.

Perhaps this is the law of the universe to maintain a state of equilibrium.

Or perhaps Demon Lords and Heroes have a relationship like that of a mound of dirt and a hole.

If one were to dig into the flat ground, a mound of dirt would be made right next to it. The mound is the Demon Lord and the hole is the Hero.

If one were to throw the dirt back into the hole; we return to a flat surface, and in other words, return to a state of equilibrium.

In any case, we have received a tremendous blow by this attack from the Hero.

Friedenrichter, old Tiberito too, they have all left in succession.

Alas, there is no one but I, who can be the successor to the Demon Lord's seat.

No, accurately there is someone.

However, I do not think that he will ever accept the mantle of Demon Lord.

I know, as I've observed him for a long time since his childhood. Seen as a leader of monsters, he is soft; to put it harshly and moderate; to put it kindly.

He will surely struggle endlessly with that personality.

As his tutor, forcing my will on my own student is not an option.

I myself may have a rather suspicious track record, but I'm also a veteran. That shouldn't be a problem.

Fortunately, there are no opposing forces within the Demon Lord's Army.

The only problem is whether I possess capabilities fitting of a Demon Lord.

As an organism, I am no more than a young human girl. Even more, I am half dead.

The power of magic is just barely allowing me to survive.

However, I do not think I will be able to bear the taxing work ahead in this state.

It will then become necessary to knock on 'The Last Door' that is Necromancy.

Friedenrichter had banned the use of 'The Last Door' for the reason of it being too dangerous.

He is not a Sorcerer, but he has a deep understanding of the human heart. It is difficult for the human heart to endure 'The Last Door'. He would constantly say.

I often wondered from back then; how he was able to understand the human heart to that degree?

A Demon Lord is not all-knowing and all-mighty. One look at the actions of the Demon Lords of the past makes this very apparent.

Then there must be some kind of reason.

I have asked him several times in the past, but he would only return a vague smile.

And always say, 'I will tell you one day.'

Friend, you were not able to keep that promise.

Another one that I also wonder about is Vaito, my adored apprentice.

From Vaito I sense a similar air to Friedenrichter. They comprehend the depths of the human heart, in spite of both being monsters.

And at the same time, they both possess curious values.

It's as if they have a long, far-reaching view of the world; they give me that sort of impression.

The others do not seem to feel like this common point is anything remarkable. But I can't stop thinking about it.

As a seeker of truth, I have already come up with several theories.

One. The theory that they have the ability to understand human psychology.

Vaito can read a human's state of mind from the smell of their sweat. It would not be

strange if after repeating this many times, he began to understand human psychology in depth.

However, Friedenrichter did not possess these capabilities.

Additionally, Werewolves other than Vaito do not share the same values as him.

One. The theory that they were humans in a past life.

The possibility of the existence of reincarnation has been long regarded as being highly likely in the world of Necromancy. While no results have been observed, there already exists a theory for the art of reincarnation.

Reincarnation while maintaining memories of your past life is both theoretically and probabilistically unlikely.

However, if there are undiscovered elements, then there still might be a possibility.

But the problem is, their values differ also from the humans.

One. From another world.

Truly. What do I think I'm writing here.

My title of great philosopher weeps.

The continued loss of my sworn brothers, it seems to be affecting my fragile spirit.

I need to be strong.

Before immersing in old memories, there is a need for me to reinforce my fragile body and mind... no, remake it.

There is no time left to hesitate.

Oh, Friedenrichter. You stopped me many times before your death, but now I will open 'The Last Door'.

As I am now, one stray arrow would kill me on impact.

If I stay like this, it won't be long until we have to choose a new Demon Lord once again.

We can't let that happen.

Oh, friend. Laugh at me for a fool.

No, return and laugh at me. It doesn't matter, just return to us.

Why did you just leave m-

This won't do. One becomes weak like this with age.

I should not be hesitating like this.

It may invite danger, but I will indeed open 'The Last Door'.

Of course, I have fears.

More accurately, I have a fear of the certain psychological changes.

And so, I will ask for the assistance of the person I can trust the most.

When his face comes to mind, I get the feeling that everything will work out in the end. He'll probably be the death of me.



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